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PART XLII.

CATHOLIC EPITAPHS.

IN an article on "Catholic funerals" (*Rambler*, vol. vi. p. 1) we promised, at no very distant day, to follow it up with some remarks on Catholic epitaphs. If it can be said with truth that we had lost sight of the models presented to us by antiquity in the arrangements of our funerals, cemeteries, and in our sepulchral monuments, the same censure undoubtedly holds good with regard to our monumental inscriptions. The Paganism of the Protestant style, the Classicism of the modern Continental style, had well nigh purged out all tokens of Catholic faith and Catholic devotion. So much so, that whilst it would be easy to point out an endless variety of churchyards and cemeteries which serve to illustrate the Pagan style of inscriptions—amongst which we may mention the public cemeteries of London, and that singular abomination, the Greyfriars' churchyard in Edinburgh; with numerous illustrations of the Classical style of certain continental Catholics, *e. g.* the Campo Santo at Pisa and at Bologna, and the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella at Florence,—we know of none that can be taken as a pure model for Catholic epitaphs. Perhaps the best collections of suitable inscriptions in existence are in some of the churchyards in the Tyrol.

It is easy, however, to point out the defects of the modern school of monumental inscriptions: perhaps it is not so easy to point out the remedy, and to persuade men to return to the pure models of antiquity. Let us not say that we will not copy from our predecessors, but strike out a new school of our own. This is not a subject that admits of much originality, nor can we expect to improve upon what our ancestors were nearly a thousand years in bringing to perfection. When we go to school to study Catholic epitaphs, we must

sit on the *forms* they constructed, and listen to the thousand arguments they can bring forward to prove the immense superiority of the old style of monumental inscriptions over those that have sprung up in these latter days. If a man's bad taste leads him to place a Pagan monument over the remains of his parent, wife, child, or friend, still if he carves upon it a Catholic epitaph, he does the best, under the circumstances, to drown the Pagan in the Christian element; but if on a Christian monument over the ashes of those he loved so well he inscribes a Catholic epitaph, it is a jewel set in gold.

We propose, then, to discuss the subject of epitaphs: and we shall do so, first, by noticing the different styles of inscriptions, and shewing the difference between modern and ancient epitaphs; secondly, by shewing what should be the characteristics of an epitaph; and thirdly, by supplying some models or types of such inscriptions.

All epitaphs may, we imagine, be classed under these three heads — the Pagan, the modern Continental, and the ancient Christian. The Pagan style may be seen in its native *impurity* in the numberless Protestant graveyards and cemeteries that are every where to be met with in our path. We have before us Graham's *Collection of Epitaphs and Monumental Inscriptions*, besides other smaller collections. Each and every one may be taken as specimens of the Pagan style; yet we are lost amongst them, and dare not transcribe one for fear of its not being thought an average specimen. Take the following, quoted by Armstrong in his pamphlet "On Monuments:" it is not from the churchyard, but from the *interior of the church* at Singleton, Sussex.

Near this place lies interred Thomas Johnson, who departed this life at Charlton, December 20th, 1744.

From his early inclination to fox-hounds, he soon became an experienced huntsman. His knowledge in the profession, wherein he had no superior and hardly an equal, joined to his honesty in every other particular, recommended him to the service, and gained him the approbation of several of the nobility and gentry. Among them were the Lord Conway, Earl of Cardigan, the Lord Gower, Duke of Marlborough, and the Honourable Mr. Spencer. The last master whom he served, and in whose service he died, was Charles Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and D'Aubigny, who erected this monument to the memory of a good and faithful servant, as a reward to the deceased and an incitement to the living.

Go and do thou likewise. *Luke x. 39.*

Here Johnson lies. What hunter can deny
Old honest Tom the tribute of a sigh?

Deaf is that ear that caught the opening sound,
 Dumb is that tongue that cheered the hills around.
 Unpleasing truth ! Death hunts us from our birth
 In view ; and men like foxes take to earth.

If by chance there remain within the same church a brass or slab to cover the remains of a former rector of the church, and on it the inscription :

✠ Hic jacet expectans misericordiam Dei A. B. quondam rector hujus ecclesiæ. Cujus animæ de sua magna pietate propitiatur Altissimus ;—

we should have, side by side, *an average specimen of its kind*, of the Pagan and the Catholic epitaph. Which of the two is more suitable to its purpose, more becoming, more beautiful, or more Christian, no person of ordinary decency of feeling can doubt.

The Pagan class of inscriptions embraces four kinds of epitaphs—the serio-prosaic, the comico-prosaic, the serio-poetical, and the comico-poetical. To exemplify each. The serious epitaph :

Sacred to the memory of N. N., soap-boiler and magistrate of this town, &c.

What it is that is sacred to his memory we are not told. Is it the stone ? if so, by what act of consecration was it made sacred ? or to what purpose has it been made sacred ? To hand down to future ages, that he, who from the bench dispensed justice, from the shop dispensed the manufactured article, from good brown, through best mottled, up to the luxurious brown Windsor. The comic epitaph is very popular among the low and vulgar, but is not confined to them. For example—over Dr. Fuller :

Here lies Fuller's earth.

And again, over Dr. Walker, who wrote a book on the English particles :

Here lie Walker's particles.

The serio-poetical outnumbers all others in this class. Take, for example, one out of Bermondsey churchyard, over a Waterloo hero and sergeant :

Thy morning flower has dropped its drooping head,
 And thou art numbered now among the dead.
 Rest, precious dust, till heaven thy worth reveal ;
 Thy judge will publish what thy friends conceal.

The comico-poetical may also say that its name is legion. In St. Giles's, Cripplegate, we have a suitable example over the grave of a Mr. Aire :

Methinks this was a wondrous death,
That Aire should die for want of breath.

Mr. John Berry's epitaph may serve as another illustration:

How! how! who's buried here?
John Berry. Is't the younger?
No! it is the elder Berry.
An elder-Berry *buried* surely must
Rather spring up and live than turn to dust:
So may our Berry, whom stern death has slain,
Be only *buried* to rise up again.

This style of inscription easily degenerates into the profane and coarse. In a Wiltshire churchyard we read over the grave of a bailiff:

Here lies John Trot, by trade a bum;
When he died, the devil cried,
Come, John, come.

Yet occasionally it is made the vehicle of a moral lesson, couched in playful words. The tomb of Maria Arundell, the letters of whose name form the anagram, *Man a dry laurel*, in Dulce Church, Cornwall, is an instance:

Maria Arundell.
Man a dry laurel.
Man to the marigold compared may be;
Man may be likened to the laurel tree:
Both feed the eye, both please the optic sense,
Both soon decay, both suddenly fleet hence.
What then infer you from her name but this,
Man fades away, man a dry laurel is?

This last is the highest walk, as it is the noblest aim of the four species of Pagan epitaphs. But all are alike bad and unsuitable. There is scarcely one of them that might not, *mutatis mutandis*, be put over the grave of a Pagan or Infidel, or even over the spot where a pet dog or a favourite hunter lies buried. What a sweeping and conclusive condemnation of all Pagan epitaphs is it to reflect that none, not even one, ever did *even equal* that put by a kind master over his favourite hound!

Near this spot
are deposited the remains of one
who possessed beauty without vanity,
strength without insolence,
courage without ferocity,
and all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
if inscribed over human ashes,
is but a just tribute to the memory of
Boatswain, a dog.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below.
 When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been.
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,
 Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth.

* * * * *

O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power;
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust:
 Degraded mass of animated dust.

This inscription, at once a specimen of the serio-prosaic and serio-poetical, puts into the shade all the Pagan epitaphs that man has put over his fellow-man.

The monumental inscriptions we meet with at present in Catholic countries we have termed the modern Continental style. These have their beauties; but they have their defects. If there is much in them that we can admire, there is also much in them of which we may say, *in hoc non laudo*.

They are generally in the vernacular tongue; so far so good. This is a step in the right direction. But there is, generally speaking, a too great lengthiness about them; they, "like a wounded snake, drag their slow length along;" they are often epitomes of biography. They contain too much feeling in a matter that does not admit of the expression of sentiment. The dutiful conduct of a lost child—his bidding his parents not to weep—their unavailing regrets,—all this may do for the closet and the hearth, but not for the eye of the public, nor may it be stamped on the monumental stone. As compositions we may admire these inscriptions; as epitaphs we cannot approve them.

This class embraces four species of inscriptions: the ordinary narrative form; the form in which the deceased is made to speak to the public; that in which the friends address the deceased; and that in which the deceased addresses the friends.

The examples to illustrate these species are from Italy. The note-book in which we had a collection of epitaphs copied from the churches in Rome has been mislaid, and is not forthcoming. On this account we are thrown on a collection we made at Florence.

An epitaph of the ordinary narrative form is copied from Santa Maria Novella, at Florence :

Un angelo
di nome di A. B.,
conceduto sol per 8 anni
ad amore di C. D. e E. F.,
richieste ah! troppo sollicitamente
dal donatore
ai desolati parenti,
depose quì la forma non sua
repigliava l' antica.

[An angel, by name A. B., granted only for 8 years to the love of C. D. and E. F., demanded back too eagerly by the giver from the sorrowful parents, laid down here the form that was not its own to take up again its old form.]

Such is an example quite in point. There is much beauty in the language, much warmth of affection expressed by the parents, much poetry in the ideas; but there is much that is objectionable. To call a human being an angel, even though it be a child, is a metaphor that does not suit a monument. The expression of a want of resignation to the Divine will is also misplaced. And the idea of taking up a form possessed before birth is a species of metempsychosis foreign to the Christian revelation.

In other epitaphs the deceased is made to speak to the living, either giving his own history, giving advice by words to the living—as Dives wished to be allowed to do in person by appearing to his brethren,—or begging their prayers.

The deceased gives his own history in the following, taken from the same place :

Giovanino fui nominato ;
fiore dei pargoli :
terzo genito e delizia
di A. B. e C. D.
Tanto vago mi fe natura
che nessuno restava di carezzarmi.
Ventedue dì compirono mia vita.
Al ciel mi ridonò il
dei vezzi di mondo infido
nulla mi cale.
Solo mi remembro
i dolci baci dei genitore,
che presso questo marmo
smarriti pel dolore
mi locarono.

[My name was Johnny ; I was the sweetest of children, the third

son and delight of A. B. and C. D. Nature made me so beautiful, that all were incessantly caressing me. Twenty-two days completed my life. I gave myself back to heaven the (date) . . . caring nought for the attractions of this treacherous world. All I can recollect is the sweet kisses of my parents, who, overcome with grief, placed me near this marble stone.]

This is open also to many objections. Those who are most devoted to infants would hardly say that they ever saw in a baby of twenty-two days the beauty that defied their efforts to restrain their caresses.

Sometimes the deceased gives advice from the tombstone, as from a pulpit, to the living. The following, taken from the church of San Dominico in Bologna, though very far from a model-epitaph, has its own peculiar beauties :

Vox e sepulchro loquitur,
omnibus admonens,
se illo frui privilegio,
diviti in Evangelio negato,
nempe ut fratres viventes moneret.
Vox hæc e profundo barathi loquitur,
hominibus annuncians,
quod unum solum sit necessarium ;
quodque debent vivere ut morientes,
et mori ut viventes.
Vox addit
Ave et Vale.

Where there is so much beauty, it would be ungracious to point out minor defects.

The deceased asks for a prayer from the passer-by, in the church of St. John and Paul, Venice :

Pace quievi,
pulvis homo pervixi.
Maria Mater,
tuum duc me Patri :
Fideles
et vos ut vobis,
ferte has pro me preces :
Domine, parce ei ;
lux æterna luceat ei ;
requiescat in pace.

These two last epitaphs are far superior to the average of their kind.

We may now pass on to notice the inscriptions in which the friends address the deceased. The specimens given are from Florence.

Quì dorme il sonno dell' innocenza
 la giovenella Cesira.
 Diletta Cesira,
 si un angelo custodisca le cenere tue.
 Dal Paradiso, ove gode beata,
 mira le nostre lacrime,
 e di tuoi cari sempre col Signore
 ragiona.

[Here the young Cesira sleeps the sleep of innocence. Dear Cesira, may an angel guard your ashes. From heaven, where you enjoy happiness, look on our tears, and never cease to pray for those dear to you.]

Io A. B.
 appresso alla cara tua madre
 te pur depongo piangendo,
 O Cesare, mio figlio unico,
 mia speranza in terra dal 18 . .
 fin al 18 . .
 quando venisti mia speranza in cielo.

Addio Cesare,
 sempre stato, sempre futuro amor mio suavissimo :
 ricordati di me
 remasi quaggiù proprio solo.

[I, A. B., with tears, bury you also near your dear mother, Cesar, my only son, my hope on earth from 18 . . till 18 . ., when you became my hope in heaven. Farewell, Cesar, who always were and always will be my sweetest love. Remember me left here quite alone.]

Addio, sposa desideratissima.
 La pace di Gesù Christo ti custodisca,
 in ricambio di quella
 che per dieci anni passati,
 senza rammarico, nel santo nodo,
 mi facesti godere.

[Farewell, my dearest wife. May the peace of Jesus Christ preserve you, in return for that peace which you were the cause of my enjoying, without any cause of complaint, for the last ten years, in holy wedlock.]

This form of inscription lies open to several objections, as also does the manner in which it is expressed in the three specimens given.

The fourth form of epitaph in this class is that in which the deceased addresses the friends :

Fui Elena di A. B. :
 quì deposta non lungo dalla sorella.
 Sole due anni di vita
 mi concesse l'Eterno.

Lasciai il mondo il

Ah miei genitore, non piangete ;
poichè quando a voi sembrò che morissi,
un angelo mi condusse alla gloria.

[My name was Ellen, daughter of A. B. : here am I laid near my sister. God granted me only two years of life. I left the world the Ah, my parents, weep not ; because when I seemed to you to die, an angel conducted me to glory.]

Such are the four forms of modern Continental epitaphs. Would we wish to see this modern continental style become our model in regenerated England? We answer emphatically, No. If in the privacy of home we saw an inscription like any of these placed under the bust or portrait of wife, sister, or child, whilst we should admire the affection displayed, we might allow its good taste in such a situation. Did we even see, as we once saw, the surviving husband or child keep a lamp constantly burning before the marble bust of a deceased wife or parent, we should the more admire the warmth of devotion and natural affection thus shewn. But we cannot allow that such inscriptions are the most appropriate, if even appropriate at all, for the eye of the public in the graveyard or in the cemetery.

Far, however, be it from us to convey the impression that all modern continental epitaphs are objectionable. We have met with many that leave nothing further to be desired, with some that fall little short of the sublime. The following we copied from a graveyard at Botzen, in the Tyrol :

Quo te pedes, viator ?
siste gradum.

Sub hoc marmore quiescit
qui abs te Christicola officium rogat,
ut quod illi in præsens facis,
et tibi fiet in crastinum.

At Florence we met with the following :

Legitor benigno,
per me implora
la mercede dei giusti
in braccio a Dio.

[Charitable reader, beg for me the reward of the just in the embraces of God.]

In the same place another valuable example may be found :

A. B.
hic expectat carnis resurrectionem ;
sciens quod justus si morte
præoccupatus fuerit in refrigerio
erit.

One we found at Venice that is incapable of any improvement: it is over the family vault of the Rezzonici, inside the church of SS. John and Paul:

Rezzonicorum ossa
ut conculcentur.

This is, in its way, sublime.

The third or ancient Christian style of epitaphs, and the difference between it and the two styles already spoken of, will be best seen when we come to supply some of its models. In the mean time we may view it *a priori* by considering what should be the characteristics of a monumental inscription.

As far as we understand the subject, an inscription should combine four elements: first, truthfulness; secondly, brevity; thirdly, humility; fourthly, prayer. Truth is the first requisite. The want of this ingredient in modern epitaphs has given rise to the proverb, "He lies like an epitaph." Truth forbids the false praises and exaggerated eulogiums of surviving friends. Truth revolts, when

"upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been."

It forbids such expressions as, *an angel conducted me to glory*. It forbids heretical forms of expression, *e.g.* the well-known verses over a child, saying that in heaven it would be more beautiful, but *not more innocent*. Every expression of certainty of heaven, being already in possession of the reward, resting in Abraham's bosom, &c. &c., must carefully be eschewed. It is manifestly a violation of truth to take that for granted about which there is uncertainty. Whether we be worthy of love or hatred is a secret we may not have discovered to us, until all things shall be made manifest at the general accounting day. "Therefore judge not before the time, until the Lord come, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the counsels of the hearts: and *then* shall every man have praise *from God*" (1 Cor. iv. 5).

Brevity is the second requisite. The writers of modern epitaphs never know when to stop. Their *sketches* cover half an acre of surface of marble or stone. This requisite, except in very peculiar cases, excludes all expression of grief or regret on the part of the survivors, and all record of those who raised the monument, and such like particulars. Accordingly we find fault with the following:

A. et B. fratres
Mœstitia maxima affecti nec a lacrymis temperantes
Hoc monumentum supra corpus posuere.

Again, the following is, in itself, very beautiful, but inappropriate for a monumental inscription :

La madre infelicissima
pose questo lapide,
monumento di lacrime e di speranza.

[The distressed mother placed this stone as a monument of her sorrow and of her hope.]

Some persons might not even like the age of the deceased to be mentioned, unless it be a child, for then the reason will be obvious. If it is the object of a monument to shew that the departed is in eternity, why need we put the age? But this is not an important matter.

The old epitaphs seldom were more than twenty words. But those words contained more meaning to the passer-by than the longest modern monumental genealogies and biographies. Humility follows brevity. Humility forbids the mention of the origin, descent, family, or parentage of the departed; neither does it allow the mention of his trade or profession. To this one exception must always be made, *i.e.* in the case of those in holy orders, where the word clericus, rector, &c. should be inserted, as a mark of the superior dignity such a one was privileged to hold. The good deeds of the deceased may not be carved on his tomb, except in the case of the founders of or benefactors to churches, hospitals, alms-houses, &c. All comic epitaphs are opposed to humility, for it teaches us that death is not a subject for jest. All want of resignation, and even the expression of resignation, is against humility.

Prayer is the fourth and most important requisite. With the exception of that over a child called to heaven before the dawn of reason, no inscription should be without a prayer for mercy. Be it at the beginning or be it at the end, the Catholic epitaph *must* have a petition for rest and peace. The very nature of Catholic doctrine requires it. If we believe that God is just as well as merciful, and that the prayers of the living are of use to the departed, we are compelled by *faith* as well as *charity* to ask, from the grave, the prayers of the passers-by. The Pagan style always omits this essential requisite. The modern Continental style sometimes omits it, and sometimes adds it; when it inserts it, the mode of expression is generally faulty. Could the deceased, who may be expiating his minor offences in a place whence there can be no release till he has paid the last farthing, pass the "great chaos" that separates him from us, and return to the earth for a moment,

he would trace with burning finger, on the stone that covers his ashes, the words that his worldly-minded but spiritually-blinded friends had omitted,—“Of your Christian charity pray for the repose of the soul.”

The language to be employed in our epitaphs requires a word. We unhesitatingly recommend the vernacular tongue, with the exception that *Latin* should be used for the epitaph of a priest. The reason we recommend English is because it is the only language that will be understood by all; and consequently more prayers will be procured for the departed from those who read the inscriptions, and find the demand made upon their Christian charity. Still, much may be said in favour of Latin for inscriptions. It is always the language of the Church. It has been consecrated to that purpose by the use of centuries. Hence, instead of condemning Latin epitaphs, we hold that it is optional whether English or Latin be used. But for general use we recommend English. This is perhaps the fittest place to mention that the word *died* must never be used in epitaphs. Mediæval inscriptions excluded the word “mortuus est,” and used “obiit,” &c. The term “death” does not express the sleep of the Christian. The resurrection of Jesus Christ turned the graveyard into a dormitory for the faithful, the grave into a bed or temporary resting-place—“In pace in idipsum dormiam et requiescam”—and death into sleep, “Tu devicto mortis aculeo aperuisti credentibus regna cælorum.” The only instance in the Scripture of the word *died*, as applied to a Christian, is the case of Dorcas; in which we may believe the word is used in order to put in a strong contrast the miracle wrought on her by St. Peter. “He *fell asleep* in the Lord,” are the beautiful words in which the decease of St. Stephen is related. Avoiding the word death, St. Paul says, “The time of my *dissolution* is at hand” (2 Tim. iv. 6).

Let us also get rid of inscriptions in verse,—we cannot call it poetry. They are generally naught better than jingling rhymes. A monopoly of them may well be conceded to the disciples of the “pious Wesley,” who measure their devotion, like their gas, by metre! It were well that the stonemason and the village schoolmaster should find this occupation gone.

Epitaphs should be written in straight continued lines of one uniform length, and not in the irregular manner in which a number of those already given are put together. What can be in worse taste than a disposition of words arranged in urn-like fashion?

H e r e l i e s
 John Smith,
 for many years
 Clerk in this parish,
 and schoolmaster in the village.
 He departed this life
 on the 20th day
 of April,
 A.D.
 1828.
 R. I. P.

The last part of our task is to furnish some models or types for imitation, taken from mediæval examples. Weever's *Funeral Monuments* is a complete glossary of epitaphs. The model-inscription should contain, in ordinary cases, three things—the name, the date of decease, the prayer for rest. All beyond this is superfluous. It may be divided into five types or classes of inscriptions, each type being more or less distinct, and allowing considerable variety of wording, without departing from the character of the type. The five types are :

1. For priests. *In Latin.*

✠ Hic jacet corpus A. B., quondam rectoris hujus ecclesiæ, qui obiit in festo Assumptionis B. M. Virginis. Cujus animæ propitiatur Altissimus.

2. For lay persons. *With the prayer at the beginning.*

✠ Of your charity pray for the soul of A. B., who departed this life on the eve of Christmas day, in the year of grace 1850.

3. *With the prayer at the end.*

✠ Here lies the body of A. B., who deceased the day after Palm Sunday. In the most holy name of Jesus pray for his soul, and for all Christian souls.

4. *For the very poor, when a longer inscription would be too expensive.*

✠ A. B. Jesu mercy. Mary help.

5. *For children, before the use of reason.*

✠ Here lies A. B., who deceased at the age of five years. His soul is with God.

Such are the five distinct types that we propose for models of Catholic epitaphs, taken from ancient Christian examples. They are suited for every class of person, for every sort of locality, whether it be inside the church, in the churchyard, or in the cemetery. They are adapted to every species of monument, headstone, wooden cross, slab, brass, mortuary

window, or recumbent effigy. Each separate type will admit, in the wording, of endless variety. The old epitaphs were seldom exact copies one of the other, yet the character of all agreed—

Non facies omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, ut decet esse sororum.

In illustration of this, we will shew how type 1. may be infinitely repeated without altering its character :

✠ Hic requiescit Dominus A. B., qui obiit in festo Sti Michaelis Archangeli. Cujus animæ de sua magna pietate propitiatur Deus.

✠ Orate pro anima Rev. Dni A. B., qui diem suum clausit extremum A.D. 1850. Pro cujus animæ salute velitis Deum orare.

✠ Orate pro A. B., clerico, qui ad præmium æternitatis vocatus est anno gratiæ 1850. Requiescat in pace.

✠ Hic sub marmore jacet corpus A. B., clerici, qui obiit anno reparatæ salutis 1850. Cujus anima per Dei immensam misericordiam in pace perpetua permaneat.

✠ Orate specialiter pro anima A. B., qui obiit A.D. 1850, ut requiem possideat. Pater. Ave.

✠ Sub hoc marmore jacet corpus A. B., quondam hujus ecclesiæ rectoris benemerentissimi, qui ab hac luce migravit in vigilia Pentecostes, A.D. 1850. Cujus animæ propitiatur Deus.

In a word, there is no end to the changes that may be rung, or the variations played on this type, without destroying its melody. The same may be said of all the other types. But without going through each separately, we will add three lists, taken from existing records of ancient inscriptions, of varied wordings for the beginnings, dates, and terminations of Catholic epitaphs. From among them all, all tastes may be gratified.

List of beginnings for inscriptions.

- ✠ Hic jacet expectans resurrectionem carnis, &c.
- ✠ Hic requiescit in gratia et misericordia Dei, &c.
- ✠ Qui pro aliis orat pro seipso laborat. Orate pro anima, &c.
- ✠ Hic sub pede ante altare jacet, &c.
- ✠ Hoc in loco requiescit in Domino, &c.
- ✠ Orate devote pro anima, &c.
- ✠ Of your charity pray for the soul, &c.
- ✠ In the most holy name of Jesus pray for the soul, &c.
- ✠ Here lies A. B., who deceased, &c.
- ✠ Here lies, waiting for the resurrection of the flesh, the body of, &c.
- ✠ He who prays for others works for himself. Pray for the repose of the soul, &c.

✠ May the souls of A. B., and C. D. his wife, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

✠ Pray for the souls of A. B., and C. D. his wife, as also for his father and mother, brothers and sisters, and good friends.

List of dates.

They should be reckoned by the feast, rather than the day of the month.

In die Assumptionis B. Mariæ Virginis, anno gratiæ.

In festo Transfigurationis Domini, anno.

In crastino Annunciationis Beatæ Mariæ, anno.

Die sabbati ante festum omnium Sanctorum.

In festo Nativitatis Beatæ Mariæ semper Virginis.

In die Santæ Mariæ Magdalenæ, anno salutis.

Die lunæ proximæ post diem Dominicam in ramis palmarum.

The day of the decollation of St. John the Baptist.

The Tuesday after Easter Sunday.

The eve of the Ascension.

The feast of St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, &c.

List of prayers for endings.

Cui det Christus vitam perennem.

Cui sit solamen Deus precor altissimus. Amen.

Cujus anima per misericordiam Dei in pace requiescat.

Orate pro eo ut beata fruatur pace et æterna requie.

Jesu, fili Dei, miserere mei.

Cujus animæ de sua magna pietate propitiatur Altissimus.

Pro cujus animæ salutis velitis Deum orare.

On whose soul God have mercy.

Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

I hope to see the good things of the Lord in the land of the living.

Enough has now been said to shew the beauty and superiority of the epitaphs of the ancient Christian school. We trust we have also shewn that the five models proposed will admit of infinite variety in expression and wording. We need not wander far to study Catholic epitaphs. We have but to walk in our old cathedrals and parish churches, in which, though the clergy who now tenant them teach heresy, the very stones utter their protest, and proclaim the truths of the old and the true religion.

A "LOYAL" BISHOP IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

GILBERT FOLLIO, BISHOP OF LONDON.

WE are going to speak of a Catholic Bishop in Catholic England, when there were few or no heretics in the land, when the Church was wealthy, and her prelates men of influence, power, and dignity. His history will be not without instruction for those among us who may be inclined to regret the recent increase of State hostility to the Church in England, and who would rejoice to see the whole condition of things restored as they stood six or seven hundred years ago in this country. The story is a pregnant illustration of the true character of those "loyal" Catholics to whom alone the secular power will vouchsafe its smiles, and shews undeniably, that, with all our present disadvantages, we possess certain blessings rarely granted to our forefathers in the days of the worldly prosperity of the Catholic Church.

The Bishop of whom we speak was a man respected by his contemporaries, trusted by the king, of great abilities, and of unsullied reputation. He was a monk of a severe order, who persevered in the practice of great austerities even after his elevation to the episcopal throne; a man, perhaps, who died rather from the effects of his severe habits of life than through the natural and inevitable effects of time. He was a clear-headed and far-seeing person in this world's ways; of great self-control; calm, courteous, and affable; learned, religious, and an acute observer of mankind, who brought from the cloister into the world the dignified prudence of a profound statesman. Perhaps it may be said, too, that he was even a conscientious man. In short, we do not believe that "a better man," *as the world says*, could be found in his day. His writings shew plainly that he was also what we now call a gentleman. In the eyes of the multitude he had all the virtues which could dignify and adorn his position; and the worldly-wise did only justice to him and themselves when they spoke respectfully of the prudent, cautious, calm, and safe Bishop of London.

This was Gilbert Folliot, who occupied the see of London during the contest between St. Thomas of Canterbury and King Henry II. He was originally a monk of Cluni; and we learn from himself that he had been Prior there, and subsequently Prior of Abbeville, whence he was removed to be Abbot of Gloucester. The continuator of the Chronicle of Florence of

Worcester tells us, that immediately after the obsequies of Walter, Abbot of Gloucester, which were solemnised February 8, 1139, two monks were sent from the abbey to bring home Gilbert Folliot. He had been nominated as Abbot by King Stephen; and he had been influenced to make such a choice by the High Constable Milo, who was a relative of Gilbert Folliot. The reign of Stephen was not a prosperous one; and this Milo was a man of considerable political influence and skill. He subsequently deserted Stephen, and became a partisan of the empress, who, in expectation of greater services from him, and as a reward for his treason, created him Earl of Hereford.

Gilbert Folliot, now Abbot of St. Peter's, Gloucester, was shortly called upon to shew his gratitude to his benefactor. Milo, like too many of his contemporaries, had a weakness for the revenues of the Church, and for this infirmity was brought into trouble. The Bishop of Hereford was compelled to lay the city under an interdict; and thereupon Milo was brought to a sense of his position. He applied to the Abbot, who became surety for him that he would obey the sentence of the Church. The Abbot, however, was deceived in his friend, and had subsequently to confess that Milo was more obstinate and headstrong than he could wish; though at first he was inclined to believe that Milo might have some good reasons for his proceedings, and that the Bishop was not altogether in the right.

In the year 1149 Gilbert Folliot was made Bishop of Hereford, and in 1162 was the sole objector, among his brother Bishops, to the election of St. Thomas to the see of Canterbury. From Hereford he was translated, at the earnest request of Henry II., to the see of London. The Pope consented to the translation, provided the Chapter of London was unanimous—*si tamen Londoniensis ecclesia hoc unanimiter postulaverit*. One reason for this translation was the fact, that Henry II. was desirous to commit the care of his conscience to Gilbert Folliot, and that it would be extremely inconvenient for him to go to Hereford when he wanted spiritual advice, or to go to confession. Henry II., we may be pretty sure, did not go to confession very frequently; and it is supposed, therefore, that he had other views in this translation than his own spiritual welfare. Gilbert Folliot, though he did not openly avow it, was a candidate for the vacant see of Canterbury; and it was the general belief of his contemporaries that his opposition to the election of St. Thomas was founded not so much on his apparent unfitness as on his own individual anxiety to succeed the Primate Theobald. The severe monk, who had never relaxed from the rigid observances which he had practised at

Cluni and Gloucester, could, without giving offence, speak hard things of the new Primate; and it is not surprising he should have exercised his wit in ridiculing the election by saying that a courtier was turned monk. He certainly denies that he was mortified himself, or in any way vexed, by his own non-election. *Non nostram in vestra promotione repulsam planximus*, are his words in a letter to the Primate; but it is not clear whether he means to deny that he was a candidate at all, or only that he had to bewail the non-attainment of his desires, which he endured in patience and resignation, according to his own account. And there is no reason why we should doubt it, or refuse him the benefit of his own allegations.

The corruption of manners which prevailed at this time in England would be incredible, were the fact and the causes thereof not too well attested. England was then in the position of a conquered country, and the Normans were a garrison which kept possession of it. The native population was reduced to a very abject condition, and a hundred years of the Norman rule had broken down the spirit of the people. The court was Norman, the Bishops were nearly all Normans, and the feudal lords were Normans too. The troublesome reign of Stephen had thrown every thing into confusion, and the might of the strongest was law to the weak. Not only were the nobles profligate and tyrannical, but the clergy had also become singularly corrupt; their excesses had been matter of serious concern to the Holy See, and many legates came over to correct and amend the morals of the Anglo-Norman priesthood.

Lest this should be thought an exaggeration, we transcribe the observation of Alford in his *Annals*, iv. p. 1. "From the coming in of the Normans, men declined from the piety of their forefathers, the splendour of religion was dimmed, the warmth of devotion grew cold; it was not, however, at once, as it were in an instant, but by degrees, through long intervals of time, that men fell into the deep pit of infidelity and wickedness into which the seventeenth century has fallen." The Norman conquest did certainly in this country bring in new principles and practices, which the drunken Saxon was too stupid, if not too honest, to think of. William the Conqueror was prepared to be a judge of the Bishops, and his successors too faithfully followed his example. Gross disorders prevailed among the clergy, and the Bishops too frequently forgot their ecclesiastical character, and remembered too well that they were barons and peers of the realm. Such of the clergy as gave themselves up to debauchery insisted nevertheless on the immunities of their order; and while they

lived profligately like the nobles, it was too much to expect that the latter should respect what they so easily forgot. Henry II. was disposed to take advantage of this general laxity, and under the pretence of upholding morality, to make the clergy dependent on himself. He therefore insisted on the observance of certain illegal practices, which he and his adherents called the ancient customs of the kingdom. He summoned the prelates to meet him at Westminster, and demanded of them that they should recognise and abide by the royal customs. All of them, excepting Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, refused an unconditional submission, but he promised every thing the king desired without any exception whatever. When the king had prevailed upon him, he turned round upon him and treated the poor-spirited man with every kind of insult and contempt. The other Bishops, with St. Thomas at their head, declined to adopt the king's customs, and he in a passion left London in the course of the night.

Shortly after the meeting at Westminster, while the Bishops and the king were at variance, Arnulf, Bishop of Lisieux, who for some reason or other was not in favour with the king, arrived in England. His object was to recover his position in the king's good graces. This Bishop was a most respectable person, and contrived during the contest between St. Thomas and the king to be on good terms with both of them, doing nothing against the king, and yet writing letters to St. Thomas, in which he denounced his royal master. "You have to deal," says he, in a letter to St. Thomas, "with a man whose craft is dreaded by those afar off, whose power is dreaded by his neighbours, and whose severity is dreaded by his subjects. He is a man whom frequent success and the favours of fortune have made fastidious, and who therefore looks upon every thing that does not turn out as he desires, as a positive wrong to himself." Arnulf sought the king, and with a view to his own personal success, suggested to him, that if he would succeed, he must sow dissension among the Bishops; and that if he could not bring the Archbishop to adopt his views, he must do what he could to separate the other Bishops from him, and so triumph over them all.

Arnulf was a deep politician, and knew well the value of craft and disingenuous proceedings. At another time he suggested to the Archbishop an ambiguous formula by which he might make peace with the king. Anticipating the Archbishop's objections, he tells him "to reserve the interpretation of the terms of it for a future opportunity," *interpretationes verborum futuris reservate temporibus*. The Archbishop was a deeper politician than Arnulf, and preferred a solid peace

to a hollow one, though the price of it, as he knew, was to be his own blood.

The clergy were by no means satisfied with the aspect of the king, and there was considerable danger in delay. The king might keep the bishoprics and the abbeys vacant, taking to himself the revenues, if not the estates. He might also contrive to get treacherous Bishops elected, who, when the hour of trial came, would be found on the side of the king. St. Thomas too had to deal with an episcopate essentially defective in the heroic element. The king proposed to St. Thomas a nominal submission; Bishops, Abbots, and secular lords came to him, and the Abbot said he had it in command from the Pope to urge the Archbishop to make his peace with the king, who had taken an oath to do nothing prejudicial to the Church; and that his sole object now was to secure only the appearance of a victory, in order to recover his reputation in the eyes of his great men. The Archbishop was somewhat moved, went to the king and promised compliance. The king replied that he would have it done in a public assembly of the Bishops and his barons.

Henry then called a council of the Bishops and the nobles at Clarendon; entreaties and threats were had recourse to in order to bring the Archbishop to submit to the king. He yielded, and promised to observe the customs. Upon this the king ordered them to be reduced to writing, and required the prelates to put their seal to them. The Archbishop, when he saw this, required time for considering them, which was granted him. He obtained a transcript of the customs, the Archbishop of York had another, and the king took a third, to be deposited among the archives of the kingdom. The Archbishop proceeded to Winchester, and on the road he was led, through the murmurings of his cross-bearer, Alexander, a Welshman, to consider what he had done. He saw the whole matter in its true light, abstained from celebrating Mass, and put on sackcloth; neither did he say Mass again till he had obtained absolution from the Pope.

The king summoned another assembly to meet at Northampton; the Archbishop was required to appear as defendant in a civil suit. Matters had gone so far now as to admit of Gilbert Folliot taking his course publicly. The Bishop met his superior at Northampton, and advised him as a friend to resign his see; upon which the Archbishop replied briefly, "It is clear what you would advise." During this stormy council the king was the stronger party, and the Bishops were tamed down so that none of them ventured to resist him. Roger of York and Gilbert of London tried again to bend the

Archbishop to the king's will, insisting with peculiar emphasis on the obligation they were under to fulfil religiously what they had all promised at Clarendon.

Henry was in a great passion, and inspired his nobles with a portion of his own hatred against the Archbishop. Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, insulted him, and Gilbert Folliot told him to his face that he was a fool, and not likely to depart from his folly. All this made it clear to the Archbishop that even his life was not safe; and so he secretly withdrew from Northampton, and, travelling only by night, succeeded in making his way to France. The king, as soon as he knew of his flight, was disturbed, and sought his Bishops for advice; and the result of their deliberations was, that ambassadors should proceed to the Pope to accuse St. Thomas of disturbing the kingdom, and to charge him with perjury. These ambassadors were Roger of York, Gilbert of London, Roger of Worcester, Hilary of Chichester, Bartholomew of Exeter, with many other courtiers, both ecclesiastic and lay. These set out on their journey immediately, well provided with money; having in view, if possible, to bribe the counsellors of the Pope. "Such," says Herbert de Boscham, "was the advice of the Bishops."

The Pope was himself, at this time, in great difficulties. St. Thomas was driven from Canterbury by the violence of the king; and the Supreme Pontiff, to whom he appealed, was, like himself, an exile. Alexander III. was at Sens, and Rome was in the power of his enemies. It may be as well to state briefly here, that owing to the intrigues and schismatical proceedings of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, an anti-pope was set up to dispute the title of Alexander III., thus, humanly speaking, crippling very materially the influence of the Pope. On the death of Adrian IV., who was an Englishman, the Cardinals elected, September 7, 1159, Roland, the Chancellor of Rome. Roland at first refused to confirm the election, protesting his own unworthiness; but while the cardinals were investing him with the pontifical insignia, almost by force, one of the cardinals, by name Octavian, having no scruples, being the emperor's friend, attempted to make himself Pope, and even dared to strip Roland for that purpose. A senator of Rome who was near prevented him, and the wretched man ran out and proclaimed himself Pope by the title of Victor. He took possession of Rome, counting truly, as it proved, on the full concurrence of the emperor.

Roland, that is Alexander III., was compelled to leave Rome; the emperor took advantage of this state of affairs, and proceeded forthwith to assert the authority of the State

over the Church. He summoned the Bishops to meet at Pavia, and among the summoned were the Pope and the anti-pope. The former treated the summons with contempt; but the anti-pope, true to his vocation, submitted his claims to the imperial arbitration, and received his reward. Several Bishops met at Pavia, and the emperor, having sat down, addressed them in these terms: "Though I know that I have the power of summoning councils, especially in critical times, I nevertheless commission you to determine and decide the present question. God has made you priests, and has given you power to judge me; and because it is not my duty to judge you in spiritual things, yet I exhort you to demean yourselves in this matter as persons who look forward to the judgment of God alone." When he had said this he retired, and the Bishops assembled, by the help of hard swearing, drew up a formal document, in which they announced to the world that Alexander III. was a schismatic, and Cardinal Octavian the creature of the emperor, the true Vicar of Christ.

The pretended Pope Victor died in 1164, and was succeeded by Guido of Crema, one of the two Cardinals who adhered to Victor: he took the name of Paschal. This election was due to the violence and wickedness of the Elector of Cologne, who at the same time had so little faith in his own work that he refused, till the emperor compelled him, to receive consecration himself. He had no scruples about encouraging and perpetuating schism, but was too good a canonist to take orders in it. The English monarch, Henry II., notwithstanding the solicitations of the emperor, acknowledged the claims of Alexander III.; and these must have been somewhat clear, for the crafty and unscrupulous king was very indignant with the Pope, who protected the Archbishop from his violence. But later, when he could not accomplish his purpose, there is too much reason to believe that Henry's allegiance was extremely unstable. The emperor had been excommunicated, and so had the anti-pope, with all his adherents; and if Henry II. had formally joined himself to them, he would, in all probability, have lost his continental possessions, for the king of France was zealous in his obedience to Alexander III. Henry sent ambassadors to the emperor, who communicated with him, and the emperor immediately made it known that Henry II. had submitted to the anti-pope. John of Oxford, an unscrupulous ecclesiastic, was one of these ambassadors, and for his conduct was immediately denounced as excommunicate.

This was the condition of the Church during the contest between the Archbishop and the king; it was favourable for the development of the king's principles, and very much the

contrary for the vindication of ecclesiastical liberty and the preservation of spiritual rights from the grasping violence of the State.

Let us now return to the Bishop of London, whom with others Henry II. had sent to the Pope to calumniate the Archbishop, and to justify the proceedings of the Bishops and barons of England in their cowardly submission to the king. The Pope was himself an exile, and then residing at Sens. Thither the ambassadors repaired, and the Pope received them in consistory. Gilbert Folliot opened the case on the part of the Archbishop's enemies in a speech which too clearly betrayed how much he hated him. He described him as a rash and headstrong man, who refused to consider the wickedness of the times or the evil result of his proceedings, which had already brought the Bishops into great trouble and danger. He said that matters would have been much worse if he, the Bishop of London, and his brother Bishops, had not resisted him; and that the Archbishop, not succeeding in his attempts, had, in order to bring odium upon the king and the Bishops, taken to flight: "The wicked man fleeth when no man pursueth." When the Bishop had uttered these words the Pope interrupted him, saying, "Brother, spare." The Bishop replied, "Holy Father, why should I spare him?" The Pope answered, "I do not mean him, but yourself." Gilbert Folliot was put to shame, and was silent. Hilary of Chichester took upon himself to be the next speaker; but in his hurry and confusion committed a grammatical blunder, at which the bystanders were not able to refrain from laughter. The Pope dismissed the ambassadors, telling them that he could do nothing till he had seen the Archbishop himself.

The ambassadors returned to England, strong in the king's favour; St. Thomas was in exile, his friends and relations were banished, their property and that of the clergy who adhered to him was confiscated by the king, and one of the ministers of his mean revenge was Gilbert Folliot the self-denying and the austere monk of Cluni.

The Bishop of London was what is commonly called a prudent and judicious man; there was nothing heroic in his character, he had no principle within him to guide him through the stormy days in which he lived. His object seems to have been to avoid difficulties, and instead of doing justice to effect a compromise. He might have done well had he been a simple monk, and it is also possible that if he had been Archbishop of Canterbury he would have resisted the king; for he vindicated the rights of that see against his friend Roger of York, when that prelate attempted to invade them, that inva-

sion being a personal insult to the Bishop of London, who could not bear to see the glories of his own province diminished by the intrusive presence of the Archbishop of York. Alexander III. writes to him from Clermont, July 10th, 1165, and charges him, in conjunction with Robert Melun, Bishop of Hereford, to labour for the peace of the Church and to pacify the king. Gilbert Folliot replies to the Pope, and informs him with what diligent care he had executed his commission, how he represented to the king the errors and danger of his course, and finally threatened him with the divine vengeance, and the destruction of his kingdom, unless he did penance for his sins. He also carefully repeats the answers of the king to each demand of the Pope; but the replies are mere evasions. He then concludes his letter in the following words: "Should the issue of the present contest be the perpetual exile of my Lord of Canterbury, and England—which God forbid—refuse to obey your Holiness, it would have been better to have waited in patience rather than have given way to such severity of zeal. Although many of us could not be driven by persecution to disobey you, yet there are those among us who will bend the knee to Baal, and disregarding religion and justice, will accept the see of Canterbury from the hands of the idol." . . . He tells the Pope too, that it would not have been possible to collect Peter's pence in England if the king had not consented to it.

It is perfectly clear that Gilbert Folliot was not wholly sincere in his professions of obedience to the Pope, and that he was not greatly distressed by the proceedings of the king. He certainly suggests to the Pope that England might be led into rebellion, and that the result of active measures on the part of his Holiness might be the illegal deposition of St. Thomas, and the appointment of a more compliant subject to the see of Canterbury.

When the king confiscated the possessions of the clergy who followed the Archbishop, he gave Gilbert Folliot the control over all the ecclesiastical benefices belonging to the Archbishop in the diocese of London and in Kent. The good Bishop, as a "loyal" subject, accepted the function of sequestrator, and received the revenues. He did so, however, as he says, only to keep them from falling into the hands of laymen, not considering that he was the minister of a layman in that action. When this reached the ears of the Pope and of the Archbishop, they each wrote a sharp letter to the Bishop, and commanded him to make instant restitution. The Bishop writes to the king, and begs to be protected from the censures of the Church. The Archbishop's

letter charged him directly with the receipt of those revenues, and threatened him with personal excommunication. "I," says the Bishop to the king, "have invoked the assistance of the Holy Ghost, and have appealed against the Archbishop's order." He then begs to be allowed to pay the money into the hands of some ecclesiastical person—so careful is he that the laity shall not touch it—till the king should take further measures on the subject. He then writes a short letter to the Archbishop complaining of his severity, and states that he had appealed to the Pope, being afraid that St. Thomas would lay the kingdom under an interdict.

His letter to the Pope is more cautious, and his language more measured; in it he explains his circumstances at considerable length, and exposes very feelingly the danger and difficulties of his position. "It is impossible," he says, "for me or any other Bishop, while this contention lasts between the king and my lord of Canterbury, to obey the commands of the one and escape the insupportable wrath of the other." This was his difficulty: he tried to reconcile the world and the Church; to be on good terms with the state and continue a Bishop; not to lose the friendship of a lawless and tyrannical sovereign, and yet preach justice and truth; to harmonise conflicting claims, and to establish a permanent concord between Christ and Belial. Gilbert Folliot was a man whose personal habits were religious, whose character was beyond the reach of calumny; yet because he was deficient in his grasp of principle, became the friend of loose and debauched men, and a willing participator in their assaults upon that which he knew to be truth.

We have another illustration of this moral weakness and inability to see things in their true light. Hugh Earl of Norfolk, treading in the footsteps of Achab, took possession of the vineyard of Naboth. This vineyard was the house and lands of the canons of Penteney in Norfolk. The canons were not disposed to be quiet, and reclaimed their property. Great litigation followed, and the cause was heard before the king at Oxford, who decided that the earl should keep what he had stolen, and give another house to the canons. The prior, for his part, consented; but the canons refused to ratify what he had promised, and what he had no right to promise. The cause went before the Pope, who decided in favour of the canons; and the Archbishop also wrote to them, charging them to yield nothing to the earl. The Pope delegated the Bishop of London to see justice done to the canons, and to excommunicate the earl if he proved contumacious. The Bishop wrote to the canons on the subject; but their answer was not

a pleasant one; for they told him, that upon no consideration whatever would they give up their house, and that they preferred exile, with all its attendant miseries, to alienating the possessions of the Church. This was trying. The Bishop was anxious to help his friend the earl, who, to his great grief, was utterly incorrigible. The canons were resolute, and so was the earl; so the Bishop tried whether the Pope would not help him, and suffer the wrong-doer to prosper, and the weak to suffer, rather than disturb the repose of the Bishop of London. In this dilemma he writes a most pathetic letter to the Cardinal of Pavia, and represents to him the serious vexations which had befallen him. "I have received," he says, "the commands of his Holiness to do justice in the case of the canons of Penteney and the Earl of Norfolk; but the civil power claims cognisance of the cause because the earl has expressed his readiness to appear before the king's court. The king, too, says that the customs of the realm have been approved of at Rome, and he remembers well that the Bishops have promised to observe them. He insists upon our abiding by that promise, and observing his customs, and not infringe upon the privileges of the kingdom. I am in a strait; for what the Pope commands, that the king forbids. If, then, the Pope will not modify his injunctions, nothing remains for me but to disobey him, or incur the reproach of perjury and disloyalty. I would rather not be a Bishop than fall into either difficulty. The sword of the Pope kills the soul, the sword of the king kills the body. . . . What profit will my blood be to my lord the Pope if I fall into this calamity, be accounted guilty of perjury, or—which God forbid—become disobedient to him? If I obey my lord, I must die; if I do not, then I must leave the kingdom, the laws of which I violate, and to the king of which I am disloyal. If, indeed, this were a matter for which it was worth while to suffer banishment or death, then would I gladly obey my lord at the cost of exile or death. But is the case of six friars living wretchedly at Penteney, and without rule, of so much importance, that for a few acres of land the Pope and the king must quarrel? The king was once friendly to the Pope, and will be so again. Besides, the king is ready himself to do justice, and the earl will acquiesce in the sentence of a legate, should it please the Pope to depute one."

Such was Gilbert Folliot. Six friars were as nothing compared with his repose; the few acres were not to be considered at all, if they were likely to disturb his relations with the civil power. He could not take into his thoughts the principles in dispute, and would not then see that the Earl

of Norfolk might seize the lands of the manor of Fulham, provided he were able to do so, and had a reasonable prospect of entering into possession.

One morning the Bishop was surprised by his "enemy;" such is the term he applies more than once to St. Thomas. When the Bishop was at the altar—probably saying Mass—an unexpected and unwelcome stranger presented himself before him, and gave him a packet, which he could not refuse. It contained a letter from the Pope, and another from the Archbishop; and the substance of both was, that St. Thomas had been appointed Legate Apostolic over all England, except the diocese of York. The Bishop would have declined service of that document if he could; but he was taken by surprise, and the contents were so clear that he could not possibly question them. Indeed, we must admit that the faculty of explaining that Papal rescripts mean nothing was not a common gift in those days; and ecclesiastics when they were disobedient to the Pope were so openly and with their eyes open. Gilbert Folliot, having ascertained the contents of the unexpected missive, sent at once to his friend and patron Henry, and begged him to order the Bishops to appeal to the Pope,—the reason for this being that the Archbishop's letters to his suffragans might contain matter detrimental to the customs of the realm. The Bishops were to be required to look carefully into those letters, and if they found any thing improper in them, then they were to appeal; and so, says the Bishop, "will you perform a work of mercy, and save us from the sin of disobedience." Under such circumstances it would not be difficult for the Bishops to discover matter enough to justify their disobedience, and to comfort them in their unpleasant position, which had become now so irksome as to compel them, in the words of Folliot, "to seek counsel and help" from the king.

The Bishop would not formally break with the Holy See; but he would keep on terms with the king, while he was undermining the authority of the Pope and strengthening the hands of his enemies. He remained in the unity of the Church; but he gave advice, and had recourse to expedients which were eminently schismatical and disloyal to the Pope.*

* In modern times we have an instance of similar weakness in a Catholic Bishop, whose memory is in greater odour than that of Gilbert Folliot. We quote the following from Charles Butler's *Memoirs*, vol. iii. pp. 294, 295. "As soon as the terms of it"—an oath to be taken by Catholics—"were arranged to the satisfaction of his Majesty's ministers, it was communicated to the four Vicars Apostolic, and admitted by them all. Lord Petre, and some other gentlemen, waited upon the late Bishop Challoner, and put it into his hands. He perused it with great deliberation, and explicitly sanctioned it. He observed, however,

The conduct of Bishop Folliot became worse from day to day, and at last the patience of the Archbishop was exhausted. The sentence of excommunication went forth on Palm Sunday, 1169. But so far was this from moving him to penance for his evil dealings, that it seems rather to have hardened his heart. He went as usual to the king, and the king sympathised with him, telling him that he considered the excommunication as a personal affront, and that he could not have been more displeased than he was if the sentence had fallen upon himself. He then offers to furnish his loyal Bishop with money to travel to the Pope, and to supply all his wants. Gilbert, finding that the king was in this state of mind, despising ecclesiastical censures, and ready to co-operate with those who had incurred them, proceeded a step further in his wickedness; he tried through the king's officers to corrupt the other Bishops, and induce them to communicate with him, disregarding the sentence which had issued against him. The other Bishops were not so hardened, and refused. The Pope confirmed the sentence, notwithstanding the appeal; and Gilbert Folliot was compelled to bow at last before a power which he had so obstinately and craftily resisted.

In his letter to the Pope, Folliot protested that he had exerted all his influence with the king; but it is also believed, that in private, and when Papal letters were not in question, the advice of the Bishop to his royal penitent was very different from what he represented it to his Holiness. Roger of Wendover says, that the king's secretaries declared that Gilbert Folliot was the author of Henry's letter to the Elector of Cologne, in which he promised to renounce Alexander III., and adhere to the schismatical party of the emperor. Whether the royal secretaries spoke truly or falsely, it is clear that they had no great opinion of Folliot's principles.

Now Gilbert Folliot was not "a bad man," as those words are often understood. He was extremely rigid and severe in his personal habits—perhaps scarcely inferior in this respect to the Archbishop, whom he hated. The austerities which he practised were great and notorious; and the Pope himself charged him to moderate his self-denial, to eat flesh and drink wine, from both of which he invariably abstained. On the score of personal propriety and even excellence of life, no man could find fault with the Bishop of London. His cha-

that it contained some expressions contrary to the Roman style; that these might create difficulties at Rome, if Rome were consulted upon it beforehand; but that Rome would not object to the oath after the bill was passed. He therefore recommended to the gentlemen who waited upon him to avoid all unnecessary delay in procuring the act."

racter was unassailable; and it is easy to see how the enemies of the Church could justify their policy by alleging the sanction of the self-denying and austere Cluniac. "Here," they would say, "is a holy man, who eats no flesh and drinks no wine, against whom you have nothing to say, who is a most devout and zealous observer of his rule, whose body is wasted with fasting, and whose countenance betrays the intensity of his vigils, and he is against your Archbishop. Who is most likely to be right, he who never ceased to live like a monk, or the man who, from the pride and pomp of the royal chancery, stepped into the see of Canterbury?"

Yet notwithstanding the apparent humility of the Bishop, there was beneath it the strongest pride. He was essentially an ambitious man. Those who charge St. Thomas with pride and insolence forget that the king's friend and adviser, the patriotic Bishop, and the maintainer of national rights, had more pride and insolence in his little finger than they can discover in the whole history of St. Thomas. The Bishop of London was a man scrupulous in trifles, and unscrupulous in great matters. His friends were men of doubtful reputation; and there are more and more deadly crimes laid to the charge of his friend Roger of York than are heard of now-a-days. There are charges brought against Folliot himself of simony and corrupt dealings; and it is certain that, though personally pure, he winked at gross corruption in his priests. The Pope was compelled to call him to account for the scandalous morals of his clergy, and for his guilty connivance at their wicked manners. Not only the beneficed clergy in minor orders, but the priests themselves, were living in mortal sin, unrebuked by the austere monk, who had sold himself to do the work of the state.

The Bishop had a "view" on the subject; and it is but fair that we should give it in his own words. "The clergy," says he, "thank God, have no disputes about the faith, none about the sacraments, none about morals. The king, the prelates, and their subjects, are strong in the true faith. The Church of this realm accepts wholly all articles of faith. No one through the madness of the present schism has withdrawn from his obedience to the Pope. All venerate and respect the sacraments of the Church, receive them themselves, and give them in holiness and piety to others. As to morals, in many things we offend all; yet not one of us preaches immorality, or defends it, but every one hopes that what he has done amiss may through penance be forgiven him." This is his defence of the clergy: they were somewhat careless, but they did not justify themselves; and if their morals were not

spotless, yet they believed every word of the creed. If through frailty they gave scandal, yet they were intellectually sound; for they never taught immorality on system, and never defended it upon principle.

The English clergy and their Bishops wrote to the Pope, and protested their own innocence in general, and laid all the mischief at the door of the Primate, who, they said, calls upon us to suffer martyrdom. They had no desire to respond to so unpleasant a call, and preferred an appeal against him. They had the incredible boldness to tell the Pope too that Henry II. was not only a good Catholic king, but a most chaste husband, a most exemplary man in public and private life; that he had but one object in view, the purging out vice and immorality, and establishing peace and justice within his dominions. They also divulge a secret, viz. that the fight between St. Thomas and the king was in reality for the spiritual supremacy of the see of Rome; for they say that the king would abide by the decision of the English bishops—*Ecclesiæ regni sui parituum judicio*. This was the question: Henry was for a national independent Church, where he could, after the settlement of a few doubts, be himself the Pope. Gilbert Folliot was the Bonner of his day; and if St. Thomas had not been mercifully granted to the Church, the Second Henry would have left nothing for the Eighth Henry to accomplish.

Henry II. when a boy was at the French court; and one day the king shewed him to St. Bernard, and asked the Saint's opinion of him. St. Bernard looked steadfastly at the youth, and then said, "From the devil he came, and to the devil he will go." His son, King Richard, used to say the same thing of his whole family; and there is no race mentioned in history whose blasphemy and immoral depravity exceed that of the friends of Gilbert Folliot, the austere and self-denying monk. Treacherous Bishops are pretty sure to have immoral men for their private friends.

Passion, Love, and Rest ;

OR,

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BASIL MORLEY.

(Continued from p. 424.)

CHAPTER IX. — *The great Change.*

A DAY or two after the clerical meeting, I resolved to speak to my uncle respecting my doubts. I looked for little satisfaction from him, but I thought it due, not only to him, but to the cause of truth itself, to take every means for ascertaining the real claims of the Evangelical system. Personally disgusted as I was with many of its supporters, I yet clung to the system itself with all the ardour of a first affection. In its professions I had fancied I saw the realisation of my ideal of a true gospel from God to man; under its guidance I had learnt to read and love the Bible. Animated by its doctrines, I had returned to the old religious practices of my childhood, and had found a satisfaction and happiness in a sincere effort at serving God, to which I had been a total stranger for many years past. Could I then without a pang spurn away from me a system of doctrine which had (as I had imagined) raised me from death to life, because of the inconsistencies of its details and the vulgarities of its adherents? Should I not give it the fairest possible trial, and test it by its own intrinsic merits, and those alone? Had I any reason to doubt the thorough sincerity of my uncle, and the other apostles and disciples of the same school? Was I not bound to open my heart fully to him, and to the most competent persons whom I could meet with?

In this state of mind I did, therefore, consult Colonel Morley and others; and a pretty satisfaction I gained by my pains. They pooh-poohed my difficulties in Scripture interpretation; they roundly taxed me with carnal-mindedness; they fled to technical phraseology, and danced backwards and forwards from one contradictory statement to another, when I entreated for clear, precise explanations of the mode in which doctrines were to be reconciled; and above all, they were so helplessly at sea on the subject of the inspiration of the Bible, and so impudently cool in treating certain portions of the New Testament as of superior value to the rest, that I was driven to the conclusion that the whole system was rotten to its foundations.

Then I said to myself, "Why should I hesitate to toss these men aside? Who are they, that they have a right to the slightest respect from me, more than any other decent, well-conducted members of society? I originally accepted their system simply on their assertion, not on an independent examination of its merits? Why should I be frightened by a bugbear, and not treat their audacious assumptions with all the scorn I *see* that they deserve? Let them go; let them go. I need say nothing of the individuals who are pledged to these notions; whether they are wilfully blind, or not, God knows. It is for Him to judge them, and not me. As for their creed, it *must* be a mockery, for it bears all the marks of a mockery; and they have not a word to say in its defence to satisfy a man of ordinary common sense."

Then came all the agonies of religious doubt, and fresh incursions of my former scepticism, but, oh, with what ten-fold agonies! In my former days of unbelief my whole heart and soul were well nigh dead to the very idea of a personal God, my creator, my master, and my judge. Now, by night and by day, alone and in company, whether reading, writing, talking, jesting, sorrowing, or smiling, that same awful presence was ever with me. All that I saw, heard, and touched, seemed as a shadow, compared to the sense of that irresistible vision with which I felt that the Eye of the Omnipotent was ever fixed upon my inmost soul. To fly from it was impossible, nor did I desire it. I sought the burning keenness of its gaze, even while I trembled beneath it. I did not dream of seeking peace by flying from it, or deadening my sense of its presence. I even loved it while I cowered beneath its awful light. Where *should* I go, indeed? Whither should I fly? Who but He could satisfy the cravings of my soul? Who else could give me that which would be worthy of loving, of knowing, of serving, of adoring? Why *should* I fly from Him, unless I was enamoured of self-murder, and hated my own soul?

Then I fell prostrate on the floor of my room and prayed. Was it possible that He could have left me *without* a means of knowing Himself? Why had He made me thus, if when I now, with all the energies of my soul, desired to know Him, I was to be cast out from His presence, dark and impotent, save for working my own misery? What was it to me that hundreds, thousands, millions, knew nothing of Him? Did they *desire* to know Him, and his will also, *in order to do it*? Whether or not *they* desired, *I* desired it, at least so I felt sure. Then swept into my mind the frightful question, "Do I desire it? Is my longing all selfish, all contemptible,

all unworthy of a creature approaching his God?" A most agonising doubt it was. "*What* is it that is between me and God? Is there a barrier raised by my own untamed will, rebellious yet, with all its seeming humiliation?" It was madness, I soon felt, to dwell upon such thoughts; I *could* not solve them; it was clearly impossible; the more I cherished them and tried them, the more they would bewilder and crush me. There was but one alternative, to throw myself, *as I was*, upon the will and power of Him whose voice I longed to hear. And I did it. As best I could,—tremblingly, fearfully, shuddering at my own deed—I bowed down my *will* before *his* will, and said, "Lord save, or I perish."

After this I was in a certain sense relieved. Though still tormented with doubts, I could not help being convinced that in time I should see my way through them all. My father, too, happened for a few days to be laid up with a temporary illness, and my time was a good deal taken up with attending in his place to various little business affairs which would not bear delay. On the whole I preserved a tolerable calmness, and found myself more and more fitted for an unbiassed examination of any solution of my difficulties which might present itself. Now and then the thought crossed me, "Is Rome right, after all? These Catholics unquestionably *have* a power which I have not. Their creed indeed seems too astounding to be true. It is literally abhorrent to my whole soul. Yet it *has* one thing which no other religion has,—its disciples know what they believe, and they seem to have a faculty for seeing the invisible world to which every Protestant sect is certainly a stranger. Surely a revelation from God *ought* to have these results."

I spent my days, when not occupied by some kind of duty, either in wandering listlessly through my old haunts, or in rapid riding or walking, in a vain attempt at getting rid of my thoughts by means of violent bodily exercise. One day I was thus striding along a shaded green lane, when at a sharp turn I suddenly came upon the priest, Mr. Cumberland, walking leisurely before me. I had overtaken him before I could well decide whether or no to avoid a conversation; his face brightened up when I saluted him, and we continued our walk together. Suddenly a thought struck me, and I said to my companion, after a few sentences of commonplace dialogue:

"You know the story of my poor friend Wilbraham, Mr. Cumberland; shall you think me impertinent if I ask you a question about him?"

The priest looked a little astonished, and replied:

"By no means; unless it is a very strange question indeed."

"You recollect how Wilbraham died," I resumed.

"I shall never forget it," said he.

"What is your opinion, then, as to the state in which he died? I mean, is he lost or saved?"

"How is it possible, my dear Mr. Morley, that I could answer such a question? Surely you must be aware that God alone can see the heart, both in life and in death."

"I know that," I rejoined. "What I want to know is, your view, as a Catholic priest, of the prospects of a soul living and dying like my friend Wilbraham?"

"That depends upon what condition his soul really *was* in," rejoined he. "If in his last moments he was truly penitent, sincerely loving God, he is saved; if not, he is lost."

"But I thought you Catholics believed that nobody could be saved who died without confession, after apostatising from your faith," said I.

"Not without the *desire* for confession and absolution,—without the intention of doing all that the Church enjoins, provided it *can* be done. You told me that your friend sent for a priest; so far, therefore, all appears safe. As to his heart, that is a secret with Almighty God. On the whole, however, I have no hesitation in saying that I *hope* for the best in his case."

"After all his past sins?" said I, surprised.

"If his sins were ten thousand times as numerous and heinous as they were, one drop of the blood that was shed for him would cleanse him from them all."

"What then becomes of your doctrines about penance and good works?" I asked.

"*What* doctrines, Mr. Morley?" inquired he, looking me seriously in the face.

"The *Catholic* doctrines, of course," I replied.

"That I understand," said he; "but I ask you what *are* the Catholic doctrines which you say are opposed to what I just said. Of course you have studied them, and can explain your own meaning."

I tried to collect my thoughts and explain myself; but the more I considered, the more I was puzzled. At last I uttered some rather incoherent sentences about justification by faith only, and the merits of Jesus Christ. My companion smiled and went on.

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said he, "if I say you have not given due attention to the nature of that religion which I know so well you once abhorred, but which I cannot but hope you *abhor* no longer, however you may be in doubt as to its truth. Pray do not think me intrusive," he continued, "if I

venture to ask whether it is true that for some time past you have renounced your scepticism, have embraced the 'Evangelical' creed, as it is called, and now again are in doubt as to its truth."

He spoke so kindly that I could not be angry, and I answered him as well as I could.

"I do not know why I should not admit what you state," I said. "My old scepticism now and then returns, but it fills me with anguish, and where to turn I know not. A presence haunts me night and day. I groan under it, I tremble under it, I shudder under it; but yet I would not fly from it if I could. Unbelief and Atheism are impossible to me. They mock me, they torture me; for they can tell me nothing of the meaning of that awful look that I feel piercing me through and through. Oh! Mr. Cumberland, *you* know nothing of pangs such as I suffer. Whatever your superstitions and errors, you believe them without a doubt; you are at rest even in your ignorance, and no doubt God will forgive you. But for me, and such as me,—oh! what has He in store? If *this* life is all dark, and no peace is to be gained, except at the sacrifice of one's reason and sense, what will be the doom of *eternity*?"

We had reached a group of tall, shadowy trees, and in my agitation, I threw myself upon the rising turf at their roots, unable to walk further. Cumberland sat down by my side, took my hand in his, looked me gently in the face, and replied:

"Tell me, are you *afraid* of God?"

"No," said I; "yet I am. Yes; I dread Him; I tremble when I think of Him; yet I long to think of Him again. I am afraid, and I am not. I am a mystery to myself; it is all dark, all mysterious, all too terrible. Oh! if I only *knew* something of Him whose eye is always fixed upon me."

"God is *love*," answered the priest, slowly and gently.

"How can I know that?" I exclaimed.

"By his own word, and his own deeds," rejoined Cumberland.

"How can I tell what *is* his word, Mr. Cumberland?" I replied. "But a few weeks ago I thought I knew it; but the whole fabric to which I trusted melted away when I began to test it to its foundations; and yet there are portions of it which have clung to my heart, and seem to be, if not the very truth I wish to know, yet so like it, that I cannot wonder at the happiness they give to those who hold them without doubting."

"I know enough of your history," replied Cumberland, "not to be surprised at what you tell me. Nor will you be

surprised if I say that there is but *one* creed on earth which *will* stand the test of examination."

"I see what you mean," said I; "but *your* creed is the very last which I should say would stand such a test."

"So people generally say until they do test it. Nothing can be more complete than the contrast between the ideas of Protestants regarding the Catholic faith and that faith itself."

"But surely," said I, "that furnishes a strong ground for presuming it to be a false creed."

"Why so?" said Cumberland.

"Because if it is, as you assert, the only actual revelation from God to man, it is only natural to presuppose that it would not wear so repulsive an aspect in the eyes of those to whom God sends it, with the design that they should accept it."

"Doubtless what you say would be true, on a certain supposition; which supposition, however, happens to be entirely false. If it were God's intention that all men should actually embrace that religion, under all circumstances whatever, and wholly irrespective of their personal willingness to accept it, there might be something in what you say. But as it is, the Catholic religion makes no such profession; on the contrary, that very religion itself teaches that a man *can* blind himself to its claims, that its proofs are moral and not mathematical, and that Almighty God has put it into the power of all men to reject it, as a part of their probation during the present life. Moreover, it is a doctrine of Catholicism that there exists a malignant invisible being, whose whole energies are devoted to the blinding of men's eyes, and to the misrepresenting of the Catholic faith before the world. Judged, therefore, by its own professions, the universal hostility of all non-Catholics towards the Catholic Church is in perfect harmony with the supposition that she is from God."

"I don't quite understand you," I rejoined.

"This is what I mean," he resumed. "You say, '*Before deciding on the claims of Catholicism, the general antipathy felt towards her is a presumption against her:*'—I say, '*Not so; it is a presumption in her favour, because on the supposition that she is true, this would be the natural result of those facts which she asserts to be realities.*' The Catholic religion cannot be condemned for not doing what she never professes to do; you must overthrow her claims on other grounds. If she does what she professes, *and no more*, so far she establishes a probability in her own behalf."

"Why so?" I interrupted.

"Can any other religion stand such a test?" asked Cum-

berland. "I allege, you observe (and I am ready to prove it), that the Catholic Church does just what she professes to do, neither more nor less; and I further allege, that in the case of no other creed on earth is the same correspondence between profession and results to be found. Take, for instance, that very circumstance that you were alluding to,—the delusions respecting the Church which prevail among all who do not obey her. We say that there is a supernatural agency incessantly at work to blind men's eyes to the truth of Catholicism. Almost all Protestants, besides the numerous bodies of Oriental anti-Catholics, all say the same respecting their own creeds; but in no case except our own, do we see, as a matter of fact, the results which we *ought* to see, if these doctrines are true. Of Englishmen, for instance, there is not one in a thousand who is not a Catholic who is not utterly in the dark as to what Catholic doctrines *are*; yet the very approach of Catholicism lashes every one into a perfect frenzy of hatred and dread. *All* Protestants alike entertain ideas of us which are simply *impossible*. They impute to us a line of conduct which literally *could not* be followed by any body of persons. If one half of what they believe be true, the other half *must be* false. The wildest errors of vulgar ignorance are sober truths compared with the marvellous nonsense which men of the highest attainments and abilities accept in reference to us. And to this there is no parallel among non-Catholic sects. *We* feel no such abhorrence of *them*. We impute to them no impossible lines of conduct. We study their doctrines before we attack; while, as a general rule, we never trouble ourselves about attacking them at all. And it is the same in their polemics with one another. Their mutual bitterness is honied sweetness compared to their detestation of Catholicism. They also tolerably understand one another's opinions when they assail or reject them. The contest between the world and Protestantism, and between the various sects of Protestantism, is quite different in *kind* from the contest between the Catholic Church and her foes.

"Let me put a case to you. Supposing you yourself were to become a Catholic; do you not know that the *mode* in which your conversion would be taken by your friends would be totally unlike any thing they would feel, if you turned Dissenter, or even Turk or Jew? In these last cases they would laugh at you, or pity you, or be vexed with you; but they would not *hate* you, and dread you, as you must be aware that almost every one would hate and dread you, if you became a Catholic. You would be able to account for their feelings on the known laws of human experience; but if you sub-

mitted to the Catholic Church, you would arouse feelings which are inexplicable except on the supposition that they are the suggestions of an infernal spirit, who abhors Catholicism because it comes from God."

He paused, and I sought for a reply, but in vain. He then continued:

"Take, again, your own case up to this present time. You know better than I can with what intense feelings of dislike you have viewed the Catholic religion, and me, as one of its priests. Your rejection of it has been decided, unwavering, indignant. You have studied theological matters much more than most men of your own age. You have seen the Catholic religion at work in the heart of the person most dear to you on earth, and have remarked the inexpressible strength and the joy which it conferred upon her. You have witnessed in the history of your friend Wilbraham a spiritual phenomenon of which, on *your* views, you have no explanation. Yet up to this moment there is probably not one single doctrine or practice of the Catholic Church of which you are not as ignorant as an unborn infant. Now I ask you as an honest man (for *I* am far enough from thinking *you* either a rogue or a fool), I ask you, do you feel the same hatred and dread of any thing else on earth, secular or religious, of which you know nothing, and into which you have taken no trouble to inquire? You cannot help answering, No. What, then, is it which thus makes a sport of your understanding, and degrades you from the dignity of a reasoning being? What is it, what can it be, but some unseen enemy who possesses this mysterious power over your faculties?"

"All this is new to me, Mr. Cumberland," I replied, totally unable to meet his arguments. "Yet you must allow that, granting all this, you have given no proof of the truth of Catholicism."

"Certainly I allow it," said he. "But you will allow, on the other hand, that these facts do more than shew that there exists no antecedent objection to the Catholic religion on the ground that all but its followers abhor it; they furnish a *presumption* that it is true. I do not say that it is a strong presumption, or a weak presumption; but I maintain, that so far as it goes, it is a real presumption, that, after all, Catholicism is divine."

"But suppose I join issue as to your facts, Mr. Cumberland," I answered.

"Well," said he, "let us join issue. Choose your fact, and let us come to the proof."

I hesitated for a few moments, and then resumed:

"You have said that I know nothing of Catholic doctrines and practices. How do you know that?"

He smiled, but not contemptuously, and said:

"The only way for settling the question would be for you to give me an account of the doctrines you *do* know, that I may tell you whether you are right or wrong. Come," he continued, seeing that I hesitated, "suppose we commence with that which lies at the foundation of all others—Infallibility. In what sense of the word does the Catholic Church claim to be infallible?"

I hemmed, and coughed, and blundered out a few incoherent sentences; but the more definitely I laboured to put my notions of Catholic doctrine into shape, the more silly I felt the exhibition I was making.

"Well, well," said Cumberland, at length, "it's perhaps hardly fair to press you too hard all at once. Suppose we drop the subject now, and you shall collect your thoughts, and fix a day for talking the matter over with me at your own convenience. When shall it be? I do not hesitate to ask it of you, for you know the overwhelming importance of the subject—nothing less than your own salvation."

I named a day for calling upon him; and as we were shaking hands, he continued:

"May I ask a favour of you?"

"By all means."

"Will you pray for grace to help you in your search for truth?"

"I do, I do," I exclaimed, half hurt at the doubt implied in the request. And so we parted.

For the first day or two after this conversation, I was more bewildered than ever; at least I thought I was. By degrees the nature of Cumberland's argument began to take shape and consistency before my eyes. As yet hardly aware of all that was implied in such a belief, I began to see that Catholicism *claimed* acceptance on precisely those very principles on which every human science demands assent. That it would stand that further *positive proof* which would be necessary to shew that it not only *might be*, but *must be* true, I could not conceive. Yet I was at once astonished and attracted by the courage with which its advocate courted inquiry, and challenged me to the attack. I strove hard to be prepared with clear, intelligible statements of what I conceived to be the chief dogmas of Catholicism, and, on the day fixed, called on the priest at his house. I was ushered into his room. He rose, grasped my hand, shewed by his countenance his pleasure at seeing me, gave me a chair, and instantly began:

"Well, Mr. Morley, I hope you are ready to admit that Catholicism *looks* as like a system of truth as any branch of natural science."

"I grant," said I, "it is not without plausibility, as you put the case the other day; but surely you don't mean to say that as a science it has as weighty *à priori* claims as, say, for instance, astronomy or optics?"

"I do indeed," he replied. "I say that Catholicism is self-consistent in every detail, and that its results are precisely what would necessarily follow, on the supposition that it is true."

"Of course," I replied, "if you can make good that point, you will have established a strong case in its favour. But *can* you do this?"

"We shall see," said he. "But first for your promised account of Catholic doctrine. I suspect that from this very account you will find fresh matter confirming my position."

"I don't catch your meaning," said I.

"I mean, that I shall be able to shew you clearly that you have been totally in the dark respecting Catholicism; and that this very ignorance, shared by all the non-Catholic world, is just one of those mysterious facts which would be the natural result of the truth of the Catholic faith. However, don't let us get on too fast. My time is completely at your service, so we may give every detail a full consideration. Suppose, then, you begin by telling me what is the Catholic doctrine on the Infallibility of the Church."

Half-doubting the truth of every word I uttered, I then began my exposition. I need not relate what I said, nor in fact any thing that passed during the next two hours; for no less a space was occupied in my floundering attempts to expound one Catholic dogma after another. Every person who has ever heard a zealous Protestant setting forth Catholic doctrines to an intelligent Catholic will understand the ludicrous figure I cut, as one of my statements after another fell to the ground before Cumberland's cross-questioning as to what I really *meant* by the words I used, and as he produced authoritative Catholic condemnations of the very doctrines I imputed to him and his Church. At last I gave it up in despair; and an engagement at home summoning me away, I left with the impression that I had made a greater fool of myself than in my most modest moments I had hitherto conceived possible. Cumberland had all along argued with great vivacity and good-humour; and though he made no secret of his sense of the triumph he was winning over my wretched logic and blunders, it was so plain that he never thought of personally triumphing over me, that my self-love was scarcely wounded.

The next day I called on Cumberland again, and he went on with his former topic.

"I do wish," said he, "Mr. Morley, that you would look this striking phenomenon of the results of Catholicism full in the face. If only you will do this, you *must* go further, and inquire into its positive proofs; that is, of course, supposing that you are thoroughly in earnest. Just let me put before you the outline of the argument. First, we declare that Catholics have a certain supernatural gift, called the gift of faith, altogether distinct from mere conviction or opinion, and frequently remaining in the mind when the whole soul is sunk in sin. I point to your own experience of the reality of that gift, as shewn in the case of your friend Wilbraham; and I am ready to give you as many more examples exactly similar as you may wish. I appeal also to your recollections of your own condition during your childhood, and to what you must have witnessed in other children. The Catholic doctrine is, that all children rightly baptised, whether by Protestants or Catholics, possess this gift; and you cannot have failed to have noticed that Protestant children *have* a power of realising and believing in the doctrines of religion, totally unlike what is possessed by the immense majority of grown-up Protestants. Does not your memory tell you that *once* you yourself had a spiritual faculty of the very same nature as that which so astonished you in Wilbraham?"

I paused, and reflected, and admitted the truth of what he said. He resumed:

"So far, then, it appears that faith *is* found just where the Church *says* it is. Next, look to the spiritual condition of those who rebel against her authority. See their mad hostility, their ludicrous inconsistencies, their dense ignorance of the religion they cease not to assail; compare this with their feelings towards one another on subjects where they *profess* as much to disagree as they disagree with the Church Catholic; compare it also with the entire absence of that frenzied hatred in our minds towards them, and say whether all this is not literally the result which would follow, granting that our doctrines are from God, and that the whole world is enslaved to, and blinded by, the devil."

I said nothing, but shrugged my shoulders and sighed.

"Now, then, go further. Take the Bible, which we allege to be inspired by Almighty God, while we allege also that the whole body of Catholic doctrine is equally from God. Now it is evident that whether or not the text of the Bible is *sufficient to prove* the truth of any professing Christian doctrine, no system which really contradicts the Bible can be

true ; while we may reasonably expect that the true system, when found, will explain the whole Bible, except, of course, prophetic passages, or passages which do not appear to have any direct bearing on *revelation*, as such. Here, then, is a third fact, which I pray you to account for on any other supposition than the truth of Catholicism. There is not a single Protestant sect on earth which is not compelled to shirk or do violence to a considerable number of passages in Scripture. Some violate one set of texts, some another ; but all have a manifest reluctance to approach *some* texts. Now, on the contrary, I will engage to shew you that the Catholic system supplies a rational, unforced, intelligible and respectful interpretation of the whole Bible from beginning to end. Observe, I am not saying that there is enough in the Bible to *prove* every Catholic dogma or practice ; but I am ready to shew you that there is nothing that *contradicts* any dogma or practice ; and I defy *any* person, not a Catholic, to do the same, on *his* system. You will, of course, understand, that in saying this I do not pretend that there are no extraordinarily *obscure* passages in Scripture, prophetic and otherwise, which I cannot explain at all. Such as these, no Protestant can explain, any more than I can ; but they are not passages bearing on doctrinal or moral controversy, being simply difficult, and not in any degree contradictory to Catholicism. Now, if this is the case, how do you account for the phenomenon, if Catholicism is false ?”

“ I can only say again,” I answered, “ that *if* what you say is true, I have no explanation to give. But you will scarcely expect me to admit the fact.”

“ No doubt, no doubt,” exclaimed Cumberland, “ you don’t admit it now ; but a single morning’s conversation would prove it to you to a demonstration ; and this I pledge myself to do the very first day you will name. In the meantime let me go on with my case ; for you see I am doing what the lawyers do in a trial ; they first give an outline of their argument, and then call the witnesses. Following up the same line of reasoning, the next fact that strikes me is the peculiar mode in which Catholics pray, and speak out religious topics. You know what a strange, inharmonious thing religious conversation is with Protestants, good, bad, and indifferent. The immense majority absolutely ignore it ; they literally *can’t* talk on religion. If circumstances force the subject for a moment, they mutter a cant phrase or two in a solemn voice, and then go to something else. As to the ‘ religious world,’ as they call it, I ask you, does their manner of speaking on religious things strike you as what you would expect from persons

who were conversant with spiritual objects as realities? I don't say they are not sincere, at least sometimes. Far from it: I have no doubt of their sincerity; but I do say, that nine-tenths of their religious talk is not the genuine outpouring of the heart and the mind. It flows from a consciousness of what they *ought to say*, and not from that habitual intercourse with Almighty God and the invisible world which you see exemplified in the ready, easy, unaffected conversation of Catholics. You would say, I have little doubt, that we Catholics talked in too business-like a style to be in earnest; but I reply, that when the mind is *habitually* occupied on any subject, even of the most intense interest, or the most awful solemnity, its general mode of expressing itself will be straightforward, unimpassioned, and (as I just said) business-like. Depend upon it, if men *cannot* go about their daily religious duties with their usual natural ease and simplicity, or talk on spiritual subjects without altering their tone of voice, or making long faces, it is a sure proof that the invisible world is an unknown world to them. Here, then, is another pregnant suggestion by which you may guess whether or not Catholics have a knowledge of God and his Saints, and whether they have a supernatural faculty by which they hold intercourse with what is unseen, quite unlike any thing that is born in the heart or mind of man."

"Well," said I, when he stopped speaking, "this is all new to me, and sufficiently marvellous. I confess I am puzzled and bewildered; and more than that, I cannot help seeing how strangely your words look like truth. Whether or not they can be answered, and whether you can establish the facts you have assumed, I know not; but I give you my word, I will hear all you have to say; and if you *do* convince me, then—oh! then—God help me!"

And thus this conversation ended. My time for returning to Oxford was now at hand; but I felt so disinclined to return, that my father, who could ill spare me, made some excuse to the head of my college, and I arranged to remain till Christmas at Morley Court. I saw Cumberland repeatedly. I need not detail any more of our arguments, for they soon took the ordinary course of discussions between Catholic and Protestant. The more I pondered on his proofs of the correctness of the facts he had asserted to be true in the conversations I have recorded, the more I saw it was impossible to doubt them. Thus I began to feel as if I were in the presence of something more than human. The greatness, the majesty, the awful grandeur of the Catholic Church rose up before me long before I was convinced of the truth of her

exclusive claims. She looked all divine; I saw her power, her strength, her unity, even in the excesses of her children, and the struggling warfare she waged with the world. I saw that she explained the tremendous mystery of life; not, in truth, as daring curiosity might desire to have it explained, but she gave *an* explanation, an explanation which *might be* true, while no other that I could hear of *could be* true; an explanation in harmony with the facts of the natural world, clear enough to satisfy my reason, dark enough to humble my pride; an explanation which at least diminished the mysteriousness of existence, which violated no laws of evidence, which did not assume known contradictions, or account man and his nature to be different from what they are; an explanation which I could only reject at the expense of receiving as true the most startling of absurdities, and without accepting as an alternative the most unproved assumptions. Thus I gazed and lingered in that majestic presence, fascinated, subdued, and by degrees attracted. Then the more positive proofs of the truth of Catholicism one by one made themselves clear to my judgment; and I said to myself, "It is now evidently but a matter of time." At last I could delay no longer. I must tell my father. What he would say, I dared not calculate. Some opposition I looked for, but expected that he would yield at last. One day I was walking with him, and could contain myself no longer. I seized his hand, and cried,

"My dearest father, forgive me for what I am going to say." He stopped, turned pale, looked me in the face, and hoarsely replied,

"For God's sake, Basil, tell me, what is it?"

"Father," said I, "I must be a Catholic."

I would have dropped his hand, but he now held mine in his turn.

"Basil," he slowly said, "have you counted the cost?"

"I have."

"Are you well convinced? or are you labouring under excited feelings?"

"I have not ceased to examine the question from every possible side for months past."

"Would you renounce my love and your worldly prospects, rather than forego your determination?"

I tried to fathom his countenance, but to no purpose.

"Father," I said, "I dare not refuse to listen to the voice of God."

He went on looking me steadfastly in the face, then wrung my hand convulsively, and replied,

“Go, my boy; go wherever you have determined to go, and come back, and fear nothing.”

He turned round as he spoke, and left me speechless with surprise. Three days afterwards I was received into the Catholic Church by Cumberland.

[To be continued.]

COLLECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE
ENGLISH BENEDICTINE CONGREGATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

The English Benedictine Nunnery at Cambray.

THE system of education pursued by the ladies who form the subject of this chapter, recommended them to the esteem and respect of all France, until the spirit of revolutionary infidelity brutalised its people. But let us trace the history of the foundation of this valuable establishment.

Nine young ladies commenced the community, under the superintendence of three Benedictine dames from the mother house at Brussels, viz. Frances Gawen, Potentiana* or (as Dr. Milner says in the *Directory* of 1796, p. 6) Pudentiana Deacon, and Vivina Yaxley. These young ladies had been brought to the premises in Cambray which had been provided for them by the active zeal of F. Rudesind Barlow. In the Lord Archbishop of the city, Monseigneur Francis Vanderburgh, they experienced the most friendly reception. On the Sunday, 24th of December, 1623, he opened their chapel under the title of our Lady of Comfort; on the following Sunday he gave them the habit, assisted by F. Barlow, and soon after they were placed under that great master of a spiritual life, F. Austin Baker. The names of these nine religious have been carefully preserved by Mr. Weldon (p. 121), viz.

HELEN (GERTRUDE) MORE, daughter of Cresacre More, little grandson to Sir Thomas More, of illustrious memory. She survived until 17th August, 1633.

MARGARET (LUCY) VAVASSOUR, daughter of William Va-

* I cannot find a female Saint of this name in the Calendar, though in the Bollandist catalogue I meet with Potentianus, 31st December. St. Vivina was a Saint of Brabant, whose feast was kept on 17th December. Devotion may have furnished the feminine Potentiana, as Maura, Anselma, &c.

vassour, of Hazlewood, county of York. Ob. 18th August, 1676.

ANN (BENEDICTA) MORGAN, daughter of Thomas Morgan, of Weston, county of Warwick, Esq. Ob. 18th April, 1640.

CATHARINE GASCOIGNE, daughter to Sir John Gascoigne, of Barnbow, county of York. She survived till 21st May, 1676.

GRACE (AGNES) MORE. Ob. 4th March, 1655.

ANN MORE. Ob. 9th November, 1662.

N.B. These two were cousins to Gertrude.

FRANCES (MARY) WATSON, daughter of Richard Watson, of the county of Bedford. This lady was a convert to the Catholic faith. Ob. 10th June, 1660.

MARY HOSKINS and MARTHA JANE MARTIN entered as lay-sisters. The former survived till 4th March, 1667; the latter rested from her labours 15th April, 1631. The Archbishop for himself and his successors resigned the government of the convent to the English Fathers of the order.

Abbesses.

DAME FRANCES GAWEN, elected at the third general chapter of the Congregation, holden at Douay, 2d July, 1625. She was daughter of Thomas Gawen of Norrington, Wilts, Esq., a great sufferer for the Catholic faith. From the 31st July, 1647, until the day of his death, 1st June, 1656, he submitted to the yearly forfeiture of 373*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for Popish recusancy, as I learn from the Exchequer Roll. This worthy ex-abbess died before him on 7th May, 1640.

DAME CATHARINE GASCOIGNE was elected at the fourth general chapter, 2d July, 1629, and continued in office until 9th August, 1641. She was then employed by the Archbishop in reforming the monastery of St. Lazarus. At the ninth general chapter, in 1645, she was re-elected abbess, and was forced to retain the office till 1673. In her last quadriennium she celebrated her jubilee. Her pious death occurred on 21st May, 1676, æt. 76, rel. 53. During her superiority, a colony was sent to Paris to establish a new house, of which Dame Bridget More was chosen the first prioress, 20th February, 1652. Twelve years later, 12th March, 1664, Monsieur de Touche gave them his house.*

* It was situated in Champ d'Alouette. The community is now happily settled in the county of Stafford.

MARY (CHRISTINA) BRENT, elected at the eighth general chapter, 9th August, 1641, and again from 1677 to 1681. Shortly after the expiration of her office she died, 14th September, 1681.

CATHARINE (MAURA) HALL, elected in 1673. She was youngest daughter of Benedict Hall of High Meadow, county of Gloucester, Esq., by his wife Ann, of the Somerset family. To this convent her mother retired about two years before her death, and was buried amongst the religious, ob. 20th March, 1676, æt. 79. Her daughter dying twenty years later, 17th March, 1692, was deposited in the same grave.

DAME MAURINA APPLETON governed the house from 1681, until her happy death, 29th January, 1694, æt. 74, rel. 51.

DAME SCHOLASTICA HOUGHTON, elected in 1697; and for another quadriennium in 1710. She died, 2d August, 1726.

DAME MARGARET SWINBURN, elected in 1701, re-elected in 1713, and continued in office until God called her to Himself, 20th April, 1740.

CECILIA HUSSEY, elected at the twenty-fourth general chapter, holden in London, 1705.

HELEN (JOSEPH) GASCOINGE, elected in 1741. Her government lasted for thirty-two years, and shortly after, viz. 25th January, 1774, she departed to our Lord.

AGNES INGLEBY, elected in 1773. This jubilarian held office until her death, 1st March, 1789.

MARY (CHRISTINA) HOOK succeeded in 1789. This jubilarian died abbess on 3d August, 1792.

CLARE KNIGHT followed, but died on 30th October, the same year (1792), aged 52, rel. 35.

LUCY BLYDE was called to preside in critical times.

The Community (twenty-one in number) were taken from their peaceful convent at half an hour's notice on Friday 18th October, 1793, and sent in open carts to the prison in Compeigne, where they were doomed to remain until 24th April, 1795. Four of their number sunk under their hardships. In covered carts the survivors were conveyed to Calais by the 1st May, and embarking the next morning, reached Dover in the course of that evening. After a day's rest they started on Monday for London, which they reached late that night. The Marchioness of Buckingham hired a house for them, No. 2 Hereford Street, Oxford Row. After staying about a fortnight in London, they proceeded to Woolton House near

Liverpool, which their worthy president, Dr. Brewer, had provided for them; and here the abbess re-opened the school. See the advertisement in the *Directory* of 1796. The Rev. Mother continued to hold office till 1802. She had to remove once more in the summer of 1807, to Abbot's Salford, in Warwickshire, and there she ended her days in peace, 12th August, 1816, aged 89, jub. 15.

DAME THERESA SHEPHERD, elected in 1802. She died at Salford, 12th June, 1809, æt. 47, prof. 29.

DAME AGNES ROBINSON, elected in 1806. She quitted Woolton with her subjects on 31st July, 1807, for Salford, aforesaid. After presiding for eight years, she was re-elected in 1818 for a similar period, and died 4th June, 1830.

DAME AUSTIN SHEPHERD, elected in 1814, and died in office, 13th February, 1818.

DAME CHRISTINA CHARE, elected 1822, died abbess, 14th April, 1830.

MARY (GERTRUDE) WESTHEAD, elected 1830; she continued to govern her dear community for sixteen years, and shortly after meekly resigned her soul to God, on 17th November, 1846, at Stanbrook, near Worcester, æt. 65, prof. 40, where she had comfortably established her charge on 28th May, 1838.*

SCHOLASTICA GREGSON, elected in 1846; and we rejoice to know that under her auspices the convent goes on prosperously.

CHAPTER IX.

Series of Presidents.

We may premise that the elections were quadriennial—that a first and a second president were chosen at the general chapter; so that in case of the failure of the first elect, the second should at once succeed to his authority—that for a considerable period, it was usually required that the president should reside on the continent, and not in England, during his tenure of office; and that this restriction was first removed in

* In a letter received from the Very Rev. Director at the time, he states: "The choir and school-duties went on at Salford until 28th May, 1838. Matins and Lauds were said there on the preceding night, and on the following morning at six o'clock Prime was chanted at Stanbrook. This habitation is in every respect superior to the former. It consists of a centre and two wings: the centre is 120 feet in length. The apartments of the chaplain and guests occupy the left wing as you approach the convent; the right wing forms the chapel. The pensioners' apartments extend beyond the chapel."

favour of the president, F. Claude White, elected in 1653; after which they were left free either to live in or out of England. (*Weldon's Notes*, p. 178-9.) We may add further, that from courtesy to the Spanish Benedictine general, the chapter continued, even several years after the promulgation of the Bull *Plantata*, to wait for his confirmation of their choice; but the inconvenience resulting from such delay induced them to embrace the freedom granted them by the Holy See, and assert their independence of all other congregations.

Presidents.

GABRIEL A S. MARIA, *alias* WILLIAM GIFFORD, D.D., *primus præsides congregationis renuntiatus vix dum a suis factus præsides, &c.* (*Apostolatus*, part ii. p. 198.) His election took place in June 1617. See Chapter III. on his promotion to Episcopacy in the ensuing year.

DOM LEANDER A S. MARTINO, *alias* JONES, D.D., the second president elect, supplied for the remainder of the quadriennium. He was re-elected at the fifth general chapter convened at Douay in 1633. Dying in office 27th December, 1635 (see Chapter I.), he was succeeded by *16. at the end of 5 years*

RUDESIND BARLOW, D.D., elected at the second general chapter, holden at Douay 2d July, 1621. At the expiration of his term, neither the first president elect, F. Justus Edner, *alias* Rigg, nor the second, F. John Harper, would accept the post; so that F. Barlow continued to govern with the title of president administrator. See an account of this learned doctor in Chapter I. *— 4 years? not before mentioned probably*

F. SIGEBERT BAGSHAW: though the second president elect, he was duly inducted at the fourth general chapter, 1629, as the first president elect, F. Bennet Jones, was unable to attend. We have mentioned him under St. Edmund's.

CLEMENT REYNER, elected at the seventh general chapter, which had been delayed on account of the wars until 9th August, 1639. See art. Lambspring.

JOCELIN (A S. MARIA) ELMER, elected at the eighth general chapter at Douay, 1641. See him under St. Lawrence's and St. Bennet's.

RICHARD (WILFRID A S. MICHAELE) SELBY, was chosen at the ninth general chapter, 1645. See Chapter VII.

PLACID GASCOIGNE followed in 1649. The dignity of Abbot of Lambspring becoming void by the death of F. Clement Reyner in 1651, Pope Innocent X., at the suggestion of

F. Selby aforesaid, authorised him to continue on his presidentship to the end of the quadriennium (*Weldon*, p. 166), and to be abbot also. See Chapter V.

CLAUDE WHITE, elected in the eleventh general chapter, holden at Paris in 1653. Dying at St. Edmund's in that city 14th October, 1655, F. Lawrence Reyner, second elect president, undertook to administer the government till the next chapter.

ROBERT (PAUL) ROBINSON, D.D., was chosen president at the twelfth general chapter, convened also at Paris in 1657; but within two years sent in his renunciation, which gave offence to the Fathers, according to *Weldon* (p. 178), who adds in the same page, that "he was wonderfully acceptable to his Majesty King Charles II. He was of a noble family, a famous lawyer before he came to religion, a finely spoken man, and very polite in all respects" (p. 186). He died at Longwood, in Hampshire, 6th August, 1667, æt. 66.

CUTHBERT HORSLEY supplied the two years of the quadriennium of the last-mentioned president. We have mentioned him in our second chapter.

AUSTIN HUNGATE, elected at the thirteenth general chapter at Douay, 1661. During his superiority, Douay was ravaged by the plague, so that the next chapter was delayed until 1666, when he was continued in office. He had been professed at Mt. Serrat in Spain. His earthly pilgrimage terminated in Yorkshire at the house of his niece, Lady Fairfax, 2d January, 1672, at the venerable age of 88.

BENNET STAPLETON, D.D., elected at the fifteenth general chapter, convened at St. James's, London, 1669. He died in office, which he held for eleven years, and in very difficult times, on 4th August, 1680, æt. 58, at St. Lawrence's, Dieulwart. His epitaph is preserved in *Weldon's Notes*, p. 202.

JOSEPH SHIREBURN succeeded, and presided for sixteen consecutive years. He died in office of a dead palsy at St. Edmund's, Paris, 9th April, 1697, aged 69. For a further account of this worthy religious see our fourth chapter.

AUSTIN HOWARD filled up the remainder of his predecessor's term: he was elected president at the twenty-third chapter, at Douay, in 1701. He died 26th August, 1718.

BERNARD GREGSON was chosen president at the twenty-second general chapter, holden at London, according to *Weldon* (p. 219), in 1698, "in which the rev. Fathers decreed, that no president, provincial, conventual prior, and abbess should

be chosen immediately again to the same office." He was rechosen at the twenty-fourth general chapter, at London, in 1705. Ob. 27th January, 1711.

GREGORY RIDDELL, who had been professed at Lamb-spring 21st March, 1688, was elected president by the twenty-fifth general chapter, at Douay, in 1710. Ob. 1st March, 1730.

FRANCIS WATMOUGH, who had filled the office of prior of St. Lawrence's nine years, succeeded as president in 1714. He lived till 15th August, 1733.

LAURENCE FENWICK succeeded in 1718 for the next quadriennium. Ob. 4th June, 1746.

THOMAS SOUTHCOTT, S.T.P., elected in 1722, and is stated to have presided for twenty-four successive years. Ob. 24th October, 1748.

CUTHBERT FARNWORTH succeeded in 1746, and died in office, 1st January, 1754.

PLACID HOWARD succeeded, and continued president for sixteen years. Ob. 5th July, 1776.

PLACID NAYLOR, elected in 1770, and served but one quadriennium. Died at Paris early in 1794?

JOHN FISHER succeeded in 1774. This jubilarian died 27th January, 1793, æt. 84.

GEORGE (AUSTIN) WALKER, who had been prior of St. Edmund's, at Paris, for a considerable period, was now called to govern the Congregation, in 1778. He died at Compeigne, 13th January, 1794.

WILLIAM (GREGORY) COWLEY, a long time prior at Paris, was now promoted to the office of president. This accomplished gentleman had previously taught natural philosophy and theology there for a considerable period before his promotion, and endeared himself to all classes of our countrymen who visited Paris, by his politeness and cordial hospitality. Dr. Johnson used to describe him as "the amiable Mr. Cowley;" and Mrs. Piozzi, in her anecdotes of the Doctor, says, p. 92, the "Prior of the Benedictine Convent at Paris, Rev. Wm. Cowley, and the Doctor, parted with tears of tenderness." This truly good man continued in office until his happy death. The event, so distressing to his subjects and numerous acquaintance, took place at Vernon Hall, near Liverpool, on Monday, 19th June, 1799, aged 67.

JOHN (BEDE) BREWER, D.D., succeeded F. Cowley, as

Prior James (Jerome) Sharrock, the second elect president, declined. He was re-elected in 1802. He was appointed to the Bath Mission in 1776, which had been served by the Benedictines at least since August 1687. Till his time the chapel had stood in Bell-Tree House. He undertook to rebuild one in St. James's Parade. It was to have been opened on Sunday, the 11th June, 1780; but the rioters, who had commenced their outrages in London in the early part of that month, sent down emissaries to excite the mob at Bath, who on Friday the 9th made a furious attack upon the new chapel and demolished it, together with the house in Bell-Tree Lane. Here the *Register*, commencing with the visit of K. James II. to Bath, and the valuable library and papers of Bishop Walmesley, were consumed by the flames, or plundered. Dr. Brewer nearly fell a victim to the ferocious rabble, who pursued him through several streets. Two of the principal inns inhumanly refused him protection; even the townhall denied him shelter; but at last he sought and obtained refuge at the Greyhound Inn, and escaped by a back door. In 1781 he left Bath for Lancashire, chiefly residing at Woolton, near Liverpool. He held the dignity of president until his death, 18th April, 1822, and was buried in Peel-street Chapel, Liverpool.

DR. RICHARD MARSH (*dilectus Deo et hominibus*) followed on 18th April, 1822, and remained in office until the chapter of 1826. He was called again to preside on the death of his immediate successor, F. Birdsall, and resigned in 1842.

JOHN (AUSTIN) BIRDSALL, who retained office eleven years, until his death, 2d August, 1837.

LUKE (BERNARD) BARBER was elected at the chapter of 1842; re-elected at the two last chapters; and may he long preside over his flourishing community.

In conclusion, I must say, that I should be ungrateful indeed, if I did not tender to him my warmest acknowledgments for his courtesy and promptitude in satisfying my numerous inquiries. To the Prior also of St. Gregory's, Downside, I must ever hold myself deeply indebted.

St. Nicholas' Priory, Exeter,
15 Oct. 1850.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PASSION AT OBER AMMERGAU IN BAVARIA.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—It will perhaps not be uninteresting to your readers and the public, if, with your permission, I describe the dramatic performance of the mystery of our Lord's Passion, as I witnessed it in September last at Ober Ammergau, in Upper Bavaria. And first, a few words on the origin of this remarkable performance, the only one of its kind, I believe, kept up at this day in Christendom. Common as such dramas were in Europe during the middle ages, they were yet in an especial manner the delight of the mountaineers of the Tyrol and South Germany, among whom they continued to flourish as usual long after the Reformation had entailed their suppression every where else.

In 1633, Partenkirch, Eschenlohe, and Kohlgrub, villages adjacent to Ober Ammergau, but separated from it by a high mountain, were visited by a sort of plague, which carried off half the population. For a short time Ober Ammergau, protected by its situation and the precautions taken, escaped the evil. But a field-labourer of the place, employed for the summer at Eschenlohe, anxious to assist at the wake of his native village, approached it by a secret mountain-path, and brought with him the infection, of which he and all his family, with eighty more persons, died in less than a week. Under the pressure of such a calamity, the community, with the advice of their pastor and the neighbouring monks of Ettal, made a solemn vow of deprecation, engaging publicly to perform every ten years, for ever, the mystery of our Saviour's Passion, as an homage of thanksgiving, and work of edification. The plague is said to have ceased directly, and in the year following, the vow was fulfilled for the first time, nor has it failed to be so pretty regularly ever since. Last year being the tenth since the last performance of the mystery, in 1840, twelve Sunday representations have been given, as usual, during the summer, from May to October.

Having hired a carriage for the purpose, I left Partenkirch at five o'clock on Sunday morning, for Ober Ammergau, so as to arrive in good time for the beginning of the mystery at eight. After a brisk drive of an hour, I reached the foot of the long and steep ascent into the Ammer valley, and had to alight and walk till the summit was attained. Here I found

other vehicles, full of company of all kinds, also arrived, as well as numerous parties of pedestrians, including many priests, some of whom had been walking all night. At last the dome of the church of Ettal, so famous in these parts for its architecture and its fine organ, appeared in sight, crowning the hill. At this place peasant-boys offered us play-bills of the mystery for sale, and a strangely solemn effect it made on me as I read the announcement, which ran as follows:

“The great Sacrifice of Reconciliation on Golgotha, or the history of the Passion of Jesus according to the four Evangelists, with living tableaux from the Old Testament, faithfully acted for reflection and edification, by gracious permission of lawful authority, at Ober Ammergau, in Upper Bavaria.” Impatient to arrive at the spot, I immediately resumed my seat behind the driver, who hastened on at full speed, and in half an hour brought me to my destination,—the bleak and rambling village of Ober Ammergau, with its quaintly frescoed walls and buildings. It was a little past seven o’clock, the church-bells were ringing, mortars exploding, in honour of the day, and every thing in a state of unspeakable confusion, from the concourse of carriages and strangers. With some trouble I made my way through the crowd to the ticket-office, procured the best seat I could, and forthwith followed the stream of people to the theatre, erected on a meadow outside the village. On taking my place and looking around, I found myself in a square enclosure of wood, of vast dimensions, open to the sky, with rows of benches rising like an amphitheatre from the orchestra to the opposite end, where the view was terminated by the “noble gallery,” or boxes, a few gay-looking seats raised above the rest, and placed under cover. The entire theatre, I was told, was calculated to accommodate 6000 spectators. Immediately before me was the stage, surmounted by colossal figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, painted on the lofty frontispiece. It was divided into two parts; the proscenium or outward stage before, and the inner stage behind, the curtain. The former measured 90 feet in width, and projected about 16 feet before the latter. It exhibited on the right hand the house of Annas the high-priest, and on the left that of Pilate; both provided with balconies, and connected with the side scenes by arches, through which the eye caught a perspective of streets in Jerusalem. These houses shut in the inner stage, about 30 feet wide, the curtain of which hung between them; and this being also painted to represent a scene in Jerusalem, the entire background of the proscenium displayed a view of the Holy City. The whole of this scenery, it is true, was executed in a man-

ner rude enough, and sinned much against correct taste ; but it not the less produced a powerful effect on the imagination, by its novelty, its significancy, and a certain barbaric grandeur of design displayed throughout. Meanwhile the audience kept pouring in at every door, presenting in the bright sunshine a most animating spectacle, especially the peasantry, from various districts of Bavaria and the Tyrol, in their picturesque costumes. Their behaviour too was befitting the occasion,—a subdued tone prevailing through the din of voices, and a gravity of demeanour pervading the looks of every one, indicating the consciousness of a solemn act. Indeed, I observed not a few saying their prayers.

Eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the mystery to begin, at length struck. After a few minutes' delay three discharges of cannon gave the anxiously expected signal, and the orchestra immediately struck up the overture. At first it was scarcely audible in the confusion of people still settling in their seats ; but gradually a deep silence prevailed. As it drew to its close all eyes were fixed intently on the stage, where, as the last melancholy chords still vibrate on the ear, a stately figure slowly enters from the right hand, presently followed by seven others gradually diminishing in height to the last ; they are met by seven from the opposite side, and all take up their position in a row in the middle of the proscenium. They are attired in white tunics, gloves, and stockings, in flowing mantles of different colours, in richly embroidered belts and sandals, and wear on their heads gilt coronets with plumes. The solemnity of their appearance is like that of priests issuing forth to celebrate high mass. On consulting my bill, I found them styled "Guardian Spirits;" in other words, they were the "chorus." Crossing their hands upon their breasts and making simultaneously a deep reverence to the audience, the leader advanced a step, and begun the prologue as follows :

"Cast yourselves down in wonder to the earth,
Oh, race beneath Jehovah's curse oppress'd!
Peace to you! rejoice! Again is grace from Sion.
Not always is He wroth, the offended one.
Thus saith the Lord: 'The sinner's death
I wish not,'" &c.

Then, on coming to the words,

"Behold the mystery of God, the sacrifice on Moriah,
The image of the cross on Golgotha,"—

The speaker and his companions separate right and left, ranging themselves in an oblique line with the pillars of the inner

stage, the curtain of which rises and discovers a living tableau of two groups: Adam and Eve driven from Paradise, and the Sacrifice of Isaac. With hands pointing to these tableaux, the chorus, accompanied by the orchestra, sings their history and typical meaning. Then the curtain descends, and they take their exit in opposite directions, observing the same ceremonious order as at their entrance. The impression profoundly conveyed by the whole proceeding was that a religious rite was being performed; while those wonderful times of old, when the dance and the drama formed part of the ceremonies of public worship, not only in pagan antiquity, but also in the Christian middle ages, seemed suddenly restored. Indeed the chorus of guardian spirits at Ober Ammergau had a twofold interest for the spectator, as realising in its full significance the classical chorus of the Greek drama, only penetrated by a Christian spirit.

As soon as the chorus had retired, the first act of the mystery itself was played. The curtain again ascended and presented the inner stage, crowded with the Jewish populace strewing boughs and shouting "Hosanna!" in honour of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, who presently emerged to view arrayed in lilac robe and mantle of dark red, seated on his ass and attended by his disciples. Slowly He advanced amid the enthusiastic demonstration on to the proscenium, where He dismounted and began to address the multitude. It was indeed a sensation wholly new, thus to have our blessed Lord before me as it were in his living shape, to see Him move from place to place, to hear Him speak to the Jews, the man God, the Saviour of the world. I confess I had had my fears lest the awful ideal which the mind vaguely forms from holy writ and the works of Christian art should be disturbed by a dramatic representation, such a one at least as a set of illiterate peasants might be apt to devise. But happily it was not so. This appearance of our Lord on the stage, if it did not indeed heighten the ideal as it existed in my mind, at least made it clearer to my perceptions, and engraved it more vividly on my imagination. For while the very looks of the actor of the part, the native refinement and piety of his features, his graceful figure and parted hair flowing over his shoulders, were such as an artist might have chosen to study, his performance evinced in the quiet dignity of his gestures, and the unction of his voice, despite a certain monotony of tone, that conception of the character which he supported which produced on all the profoundest impression. He made it felt from his first entrance, that notwithstanding the jubilee and tokens of veneration that greeted him, he was the predes-

tined victim of the fickle multitude; the lamb that was to die for the sins of the world.

The act concluded with his expulsion of the money-changers from the Temple amid the applause of the Jewish people and the wrath of the Scribes and Pharisees; the whole performed with a homely truth of nature that was very striking and not without some pious hilarity on the part of the audience at the upsetting of the money-tables, the escape of votive lambs and pigeons, and the rage and avarice of the profane traffickers scrambling to recover their property.

The next act, ushered in without pause by the chorus, as at first, and by a living tableau of the Sons of Jacob plotting against Joseph, presented the synedrium of the Jewish priests and doctors met together under the auspices of Caiphas and Annas to take counsel how Jesus should be destroyed. The view of this assembly in full debate, and in their variegated robes, was highly imposing. Caiphas with his crescent-shaped mitre glittering on his head, opened the proceedings in a speech beginning, "Most reverend members of our sacred college," and delivered himself with a racy emphasis of style and purity of language, that gained him general approbation. A stormy debate ensued full of character; the aggrieved money-changers were introduced to make their complaints, and with the unanimous adoption of measures against our Saviour as a seducer of the people, the act closed.

In the third act, preceded by two tableaux, of Tobias parting from his parents, and the Bride in the Canticles bewailing the loss of her Bridegroom, the blessed Virgin first appeared. The scene being at Bethany in Simon the leper's house, where her divine Son takes leave of her and his disciples after He has been perfumed with spikenard, to the great scandal of Judas, who from that hour takes part against Him. On this occasion St. Peter cries aloud: "O Master! my old head can in no wise comprehend this parting!" The character of our blessed Lady was not well sustained; she whined and whimpered too much for the dignity of our Lord's mother. The truth was, she had gone to Munich to take lessons from an actress of the theatre there, thinking thus to attain perfection, though all she gained were a few vapid airs, which spoiled her. This had been soon perceived on her return, but it was too late to recast the part. That her expression was very devotional, and her figure elegant, made her theatrical affectation the more to be regretted.

The scene at Bethany occupied the third act; thirteen more, severally preluded by the chorus and living tableaux from the Old Testament, followed; thus making the mystery

consist of sixteen acts in all. One of the most pleasing was the last supper, in which Leonardo da Vinci's picture was realised in a manner not less beautiful than new. Indeed, throughout the whole piece, it was clear, especially in the personation of our Lord and his Apostles, that the rustic players of Ober Ammergau were fully alive to the grouping of the most celebrated painters who have treated the subject. This surprising feeling for classic art in such people was also strikingly exhibited in the living tableaux, which it was with some difficulty at first I could persuade myself were really composed of breathing men and women, so admirably was the deception kept up. In that, for example, which prefigured the last supper, and shewed the Israelites in the desert fed with manna, upwards of 300 performers took part, among whom, in the foreground, I observed a woman with a child in her arms, certainly not more than three years old, but yet so well trained that it held up its little hands to catch the heavenly food, motionless as a statue, like the best of them, for at least five minutes, till the curtain dropped. Another remarkable feature was the emphatic way in which the Jewish populace played its part; simply because every one acted from a pure feeling of sacred duty alone, and thus gave to his part, however subordinate, a reality and life in singular contrast with the profane stage, where scenes of popular commotion usually prove so flat and tame. In addition to the parts of Caiphas and our Saviour, those of Pilate and Judas should be mentioned as superior specimens of natural acting. The avarice and despair of the last, notwithstanding some grotesque exaggeration, was really a powerful delineation in the rough.

The last act but one comprised the events of the crucifixion. Our Saviour bearing his cross till He sinks under it; the Roman captain, on horseback, leading the way; behind Him the two thieves with the executioners; the fiendish exultation of the populace, broken by the wailing of women and the words of Jesus, "Weep not, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, for me, but weep for yourselves and your children!" Then Simon of Cyrene is compelled to take up the cross. All this was played in a manner the most affecting. At the end of the scene the curtain drops, and a deepened feeling of awe seizes the audience, as the chorus enters divested of its pomp, and arrayed in black mantles, belts, and sandals. The leader advances, and begins a sort of prologue, alternately spoken and sung, descriptive of our Saviour's actual crucifixion, while behind the curtain is plainly heard the tumult of the people and the blows of the hammers. Now the chorus retires, and the curtain again rises, discovering the two thieves

already bound on their upright crosses, while our Saviour still lies on the ground nailed to the accursed tree, waiting the result of the application to Pilate to alter the inscription with which Caiphas and the Pharisees are dissatisfied. At last the answer, "What I have written I have written," is brought back, the offensive scroll is affixed, and amid the shouts of the mob, and the sorrowful cries of his blessed Mother, of Magdalen, and the disciples, Jesus on his cross is elevated aloft. An indescribable spectacle! affording not a mere picture or carved image, but, as it were, the reality itself,—rescinding the lapse of 1800 years, and transporting the mind to the real Calvary, the living crucifixion on Golgotha, in a manner that no book, no effort of the imagination, ever did or could do. The illusion was complete. Now it was that I thought I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears my crucified Redeemer exclaim, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!"—to the good thief, "Amen, I say to thee this day shalt thou be with me in paradise;"—to his weeping Mother, "Woman, behold thy son!"—to the disciple, "Behold thy mother!" Then while the Jews challenge Him to descend from the cross, if He be the Son of God, the soldiers throw lots for his garment, and put a sponge with vinegar and gall on a pike to his lips; but He bows his head, and cries, "It is finished!" What then? Is the feeling of all who witness such a sight in the least disturbed because some poor mortars explode for thunder, that a few pasteboard houses topple down as if by an earthquake, that a huge curtain in the background is split from top to bottom? By no means. I shall not easily forget the sight of stern-looking men striking their breasts, and the subdued murmur of emotion which passed through the whole theatre; to say nothing of the sobbing of women when the centurion on guard, who alone fled not at the mimic horror of nature, exclaimed, in rough tremulous tones, "Verily, this man was the Son of God."

The descent from the cross, in which the grouping of Rembrandt seemed to develope itself quite naturally, and the laying in the sepulchre, with all the well-known circumstances recorded in the Gospel, terminated this awful act; for the principal actor, the most arduous of all, who had to remain suspended with his arms stretched out in the crucified posture nearly half an hour, was visibly exhausted, and his hands discoloured from the stoppage of the circulation.

The resurrection was given in the last act, the sixteenth, in which the chorus resumed all its pomp, the music took a joyous and noisy tone, and the company displayed all the

wonders of its stage-machinery in the rising of Christ amid a blaze of glory, waving his flag of triumph, while the guards are struck senseless with terror. Then came on the Scribes and Pharisees to seek Jesus, who is not to be found. This was the signal for a characteristic outburst from the more enthusiastic part of the audience, principally peasants, whose sense of decorum had not been able to keep them wholly in check from the first, but who now, as if by one consent, broke all bounds in giving vent to their zeal for our Saviour and their hatred of his persecutors. They rose from their seats with derisive shouts at the perplexed Pharisees, groans and hisses resounded on all sides, ironical exclamations, such as, "Ay, ay! seek away; you'll find Him at last!" issued from many a shrill throat, old and young, seasoned with such epithets of abuse and insult as may be better supposed than told. Indeed the pious tumult grew so high, that some thought an attack on the stage not unlikely, and a few policemen began to shew themselves at different points. This seemed to soften the irritation, which on the fall of the curtain gradually subsided. A grand allegorical tableau, entitled *The Glorification of the Establishment of the New Covenant*, in which upwards of 400 performers appeared, and representing Christ triumphant, supported on each hand by his faithful disciples, while the high priests and money-changers lay humbled in the dust before Him, was the finale, amid pealing alleluias. The mystery had thus lasted from eight o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, including the usual pause of an hour at noon for dinner, and a further interruption of an hour on account of a storm.

In the dramatic mysteries of the Middle Ages the devil is always a leading character; and I felt disappointed to miss him on the present occasion. But I was told that in 1810 the text of the Ober Ammergau mystery underwent a revision; the reason of which was, that the Bavarian government sought to suppress it, as an abomination in a philosophic age, by refusing the usual license to perform it in that year; and only by the invincible zeal of the community, at last met by the good nature of the king, was the attempt defeated. In the revision then which it was judged advisable to make as some safeguard for the future, while many parts were curtailed and rewritten, that of the devil was wholly suppressed. The mystery as it now stands was first acted in 1811. This year it has been further improved by an entire new wardrobe of a very splendid and graceful design. Nor was it ever so well attended. So great has been the concourse of spectators, not only from distant parts of Germany, but even from France

and Switzerland, that at one of the performances in last July 3000 persons could not gain admittance for want of room; and not to disappoint such a multitude, an extra performance was given on the following Monday.

For the rest, suffice it to say that the impression I received from this wonderful exhibition* was such, that I shall ever esteem it a grace to have witnessed it. At the same time that I cannot but more deeply than ever deplore, among so many calamities to the public religious life of nations entailed on the world by the "Reformation," the perversion of the modern drama from its sacred to a profane development, whereby an art of all others the most potent in its workings on the mind has been lost to the Church; while had it but enjoyed the same happy auspices in its progress to refinement as have fostered the arts of painting and music, its achievements in the cause of religion would have been proportionately great, and to productions like Racine's *Athalie* would the rude mystery plays of the Middle Ages have ripened, had the ancient faith continued to assert its proper ascendancy over the popular mind. Thus, instead of the debased and noxious thing which the stage has turned out, Christianity in our day would have possessed its own classical drama, which for æsthetical excellence would have vied with that of ancient Greece. Let us hope that such a consummation may still not be impossible, and hail the obscure mystery of Ober Ammergau, so wonderfully surviving through times like ours, as the probable link destined to connect the bygone era of the infancy of the Christian drama with that of its classical perfection yet to come.

I am, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

RICHARD RABY.

Munich.

Reviews.

YEAST.

Yeast, a Problem. Reprinted, with corrections and additions, from "Fraser's Magazine." London, J. W. Parker.

WHEN a theological, or quasi-theological, school takes to writing novels, it may fairly be considered to have made some way in the world. Judged by this test, as well as by many

* Its next occurrence, in the regular course, will be in 1860.

others, Infidelity, from a low Socinianism to the very verge of Atheism, must be admitted to be striding on in this country with awful speed. How widely it has spread, it is of course hopeless to attempt to estimate. Infidelity and Atheism are not yet the fashion, either in the gay world or the intellectual world. It would be a strong measure in an Anglican clergyman to avow his utter disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible. Except over their wine-cups, gentlemen will rarely assert that sensual enjoyment is the *summum bonum* of human existence. English people, moreover, are not prone to theorise. They prefer to be believers and unbelievers at the same time, to a painstaking logical carrying-out of their real scepticism. "God and mammon" is their notion of what is right and fitting, and, above all, practical. Then there are the masses of the people, of whom timid thinkers and conservative fundholders stand in awe. Men who smile at the thought of prayer for themselves are glad to see their daughters and servants go to church. Unbelief is thought a luxury for the rich, a poison for the poor. Nobody with less than five hundred a year ought to be permitted to believe that the Christian religion is false; and nobody with less than five thousand, to say that there is no God.

Yet there are manifestations of the rapidity with which unbelief is making progress, sufficient to fill every Catholic with awe. The Protestant periodical press is almost entirely Rationalist or Atheist; the Puseyite, High Church, and Evangelical journals being almost the only publications which believe in the existence of any definite dogmatic revelation. Of the chief quarterly reviews, the *Edinburgh* is rationalist; the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly* all but infidel, if not quite so. Of the weekly journals, the *Spectator*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Examiner*, are infidel all but in name; the *Weekly Dispatch* and the *Leader* are professedly infidel. Among the daily papers, the *Daily News* is rationalist, the *Chronicle* puseyitico-rationalist, while the *Times* believes in nothing whatsoever. And the case is the same with every species of general literature. You hardly ever meet with a clever book, whether of history, poetry, fiction, or travels, which does not betray the author's disbelief in all dogma as such, and his readiness to accept some new theory by which to explain the physical and moral phenomena of the world and its inhabitants.

Yet hitherto a covering of decency and cowardice is thrown over the whole of this boiling, burning volcano. Here and there, through the crust of ashes and hardened lava, the raging flames burst through, and the traveller hears with terror the rollings and thunderings in the bowels of the earth beneath

his feet. But still the mountain rests comparatively calm. It is only they who have watched the certain working of its laws, who know that the moment for one of its most fearful periodical outbreaks *cannot* be far off, when the heavens will be darkened with clouds of smoke and ashes, and the torrents of fire will burst forth and accomplish all their work of horror and death.

The book with the strange title now before us is as pregnant a specimen of what is going on in the minds of Englishmen at the present hour as any that could well be named. It is reputed to be the production of the author of *Alton Locke*, a species of semi-Chartist novel which appeared not long ago; clever, rhapsodical, caustic, and indicating just that state of mind which we should expect to see progressing towards a condition from which such a work as this *Yeast* would be naturally expected. The writer himself is said to be an Anglican clergyman; indeed, both his books bear a strong internal impress of the profession to which he belongs. *Alton Locke* is the ablest of the two stories, no character in *Yeast* being comparable to the old Scotch bookseller who patronises Alton; and no satire equal to the sketch of the Emersonian orator whose follies the old bookseller exposes. Still *Yeast* is a clever, though random and fragmentary production, and contains here and there some striking pictures and some bitter truths.

Its "advance" upon *Alton Locke* is melancholy indeed. With all the writer's anxiety to distinguish between his own views and those of his hero, it is impossible not to see that he is running down the hill at whose base lie sensualism and atheism with frightful speed. In one passage in particular he actually reproduces the most disgusting and blasphemous of the orgies of the first French revolution, and we have the scene of the worship of "the goddess of reason" — of course refined and allegorised, to suit the year 1851 — introduced into a love-episode between a Puseyite young lady and her sentimental, fox-hunting, and sceptical admirer. Other passages also betray the same tendency to recur to the license of days of less respectability and hypocrisy than our own, and tend to confirm us in the belief that we *may* live to see a re-action against the precision and frigid decencies of the last quarter of a century, precisely similar to that which followed upon the reign of Puritanism under Oliver Cromwell.

The hero of the story is a sentimental-sensual, fox-hunting youth, named Lancelot Smith, who falls in love with a Puseyitical damsel, and converts her from a self-indulgent devotion to forms and shams to a species of rationalism and practical

benevolence. In the end the young lady dies of typhus fever ; and as to what becomes of the lover, we are left in the dark. Mixed up with all this are the sayings and doings of a military *roué*, a country squire, a methodist game-keeper, a French artist, a convert to Catholicism, and a mysterious individual without a name, or a country, or a rank, but with an immense fortune and a great fancy for Lancelot ; besides other inferior personages. Parts of the story are told with much power, and the author has evidently a genuine feeling for the miseries of the poor, though how to remedy them he knows not. His mind itself is in a ferment, though he means only to paint the fermentation going on in certain classes of English society, whence the title—*Yeast*—of his book.

The following is a sketch of a nobleman of the new school :

“Lord Minchampstead was one of the few noblemen Lancelot had ever met who had aroused in him a thorough feeling of respect. He was always and in all things a strong man. Naturally keen, ready, business-like, daring, he had carved out his own way through life, and opened his oyster—the world, neither with sword nor pen, but with steam and cotton. His father was Mr. Obadiah Newbroom, of the well-known manufacturing firm of Newbroom, Stag, and Pay-forall. A stanch Dissenter himself, he saw with a slight pang his son Thomas turn Churchman, as soon as the young man had worked his way up to be the real head of the firm. But this was the only sorrow which Thomas Newbroom, now Lord Minchampstead, had ever given his father. ‘I stood behind a loom myself, my boy, when I began life ; and you must do with great means what I did with little ones. I have made a gentleman of you ; you must make a nobleman of yourself.’ Those were almost the last words of the stern, thrifty, old Puritan craftsman, and his son never forgot them. From a mill-owner he grew to coal-owner, ship-owner, banker, railway director, money-lender to kings and princes ; and last of all, as the summit of his own and his compeer’s ambition, to land-owner. He had half-a-dozen estates in as many different counties. He had added house to house, and field to field ; and at last bought Minchampstead Park and ten thousand acres, for two-thirds its real value, from that enthusiastic sportsman Lord Peu de Cerveille, whose family had come in with the Conqueror and gone out with George IV. So, at least, they always said ; but it was remarkable that their name could never be traced further back than the dissolution of the monasteries ; and calumnious Dryasdusts would sometimes insolently father their title on James I. and one of his batches of bought peerages. But let the dead bury their dead. There was now a new lord in Minchampstead ; and every country Caliban was finding, to his disgust, that he had ‘got a new master,’ and must, perforce, ‘be a new man.’ Oh, how the squires swore and the farmers chuckled, when the ‘parvenu’ sold the Minchampstead hounds, and celebrated his 1st of September by exterminating every

hare and pheasant on the estate! How the farmers swore and the labourers chuckled, when he took all the cottages into his own hands and rebuilt them, set up a first-rate industrial school, gave every man a pig and a garden, and broke up all the commons 'to thin the labour-market.' Oh, how the labourers swore and the farmers chuckled, when he put up steam-engines on all his farms, refused to give away a farthing in alms, and enforced the new Poor-law to the very letter. How the country tradesmen swore, when he called them 'a pack of dilatory jobbers,' and announced his intention of employing only London workmen for his improvements. Oh, how they all swore together (behind his back, of course, for his dinners were worth eating), and the very ladies said naughty words, when the stern political economist proclaimed at his own table that 'he had bought Minchampstead for merely commercial purposes, as a profitable investment of capital, and he would see that, whatever else it did, it should *pay*.'

But the new lord heard of all the hard words with a quiet self-possessed smile. He had formed his narrow theory of the universe, and he was methodically and conscientiously carrying it out. True, too often, like poor Keats' merchant brothers,—

Half-ignorant, he turned an easy wheel,
Which set sharp racks at work to pinch and peel.

But of the harm which he did he was unconscious; in the good which he did he was consistent and indefatigable; infinitely superior, with all his defects, to the ignorant, extravagant, do-nothing Squire Lavingtons around him. At heart, however mammon-blinded, he was kindly and upright. A man of a stately presence; a broad honest north-country face; a high square forehead, bland and unwrinkled. I sketch him here once for all, because I have no part for him after this scene in my *corps de ballet*."

The verses in the subjoined extract are an expression of the feelings which burn in too many a heart at this very hour, as we shall learn one day to our bitter cost. Tregarva is the methodist keeper, with whom Lancelot has struck up a friendship. He is hitting hard at the Established Church with the rough truths his sect know well how to handle.

" 'Oh! sir,' (he says to Lancelot,) 'there's good to be done, believe me, among those poor fellows. They wander up and down the land like hogs and heathens, and no one tells them that they have a soul to be saved. Not one parson in a thousand gives a thought to them. They can manage old folks and little children, sir; but, somehow, they never can get hold of the young men—just those who want them most. There's a talk about ragged schools, now. Why don't they try ragged churches, sir, and a ragged service?'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, sir, the parsons are ready enough to save souls, but it

must be only according to rule and regulation. Before the Gospel can be preached, there must be three thousand pounds got together for a church, and a thousand for an endowment, not to mention the thousand pounds that the clergyman's education costs: I don't think of his own keep, sir—that's little enough, often; and those that work hardest get least pay, it seems to me. But after all that expense, when they've built the church, it's the tradesmen, and the gentry, and the old folk that fill it, and the working men never come near it from one year's end to the other.'

'What's the cause, do you think?' asked Lancelot, who had himself remarked the same thing more than once.

'Half of the reason, sir, I do believe, is that same Prayer-book. Not that the Prayer-book ain't a fine book enough, and a true one; but, don't you see, sir, to understand the virtue of it, the poor fellows ought to be already just what you want to make them.'

'You mean that they ought to be thorough Christians already to appreciate the spirituality of the liturgy.'

'You've hit it, sir. And see what comes of the present plan; how a navvy drops into church by accident, and there he has to sit, like a fish out of water, through that hour's service, staring or sleeping, before he can hear a word that he understands; and, sir, when the sermon does come at last, it's not many of them can make much out of those fine book-words and long sentences. Why don't they have a short simple service, now and then, that might catch the ears of the roughs and the blowens, without tiring out the poor thoughtless creatures' patience, as they do now?'

'Because,' said Lancelot,—'because—I really don't know why. But I think there is a simpler plan than even a ragged service.'

'What then, sir?'

'Field-preaching. If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, let Mahomet go to the mountain.'

'Right, sir; right you are. 'Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.' And why are they to speak to them only one by one? Why not by the dozen and the hundred? We Wesleyans know, sir,—for the matter of that, every soldier knows,—what virtue there is in getting a lot of men together; how good and evil spread like wildfire through a crowd; and one man, if you can stir him up, will become leaven to leaven the whole lump. Oh! why, sir, are they so afraid of field-preaching? Was not their Master and mine the prince of all field-preachers? Think, if the apostles had waited to collect subscriptions for a church before they spoke to the poor heathens, where should we have been now?'

Lancelot could not but agree. But at that moment a footman came up, and, with a face half laughing, half terrified, said,—

'Tregarva, master wants you in the study. And, please, sir, I think you had better go in too; master knows you're here, and you might speak a word for good, for he's raging like a mad bull.'

'I knew it would come at last,' said Tregarva, quietly, as he followed Lancelot into the house.

It had come at last. The squire was sitting in his study, purple with rage, while his daughters were trying vainly to pacify him. All the men-servants, grooms, and helpers, were drawn up in line along the wall, and greeted Tregarva, whom they all heartily liked, with sly and sorrowful looks of warning.

Here, you sir; you ——, look at this. Is this the way you repay me? I, who have kept you out of the workhouse, treated you like my own child? And then to go and write filthy, rascally, radical ballads on me and mine! This comes of your Methodism, you canting, sneaking hypocrite!—you viper—you adder—you snake—you ——! And the squire, whose vocabulary was not large, at a loss for another synonyme, rounded off his oration by a torrent of oaths; at which Argemone, taking Honoria's hand, walked proudly out of the room, with one glance at Lancelot of mingled shame and love. 'This is your handwriting, you villain! you know it' (and the squire tossed the fatal paper across the table); 'though I suppose you'll lie about it. How can you depend on fellows who speak evil of their betters? But all the servants are ready to swear it's your handwriting.'

'Beg your pardon, sir,' interposed the old butler, 'we didn't quite say that; but we'll all swear it isn't ours.'

'The paper is mine,' said Tregarva.

'Confound your coolness! He's no more ashamed of it than —— Read it out, Smith; read it out, every word, and let them all hear how this pauper, this ballad-singing vagabond, whom I have bred up to insult me, dares to abuse his own master.'

'I have not abused you, sir,' answered Tregarva. 'I will be heard, sir!' he went on in a voice which made the old man start from his seat and clench his fist; but he sat down again. 'Not a word in it is meant for you. You have been a kind and a good master to me. Ask where you will, if I was ever heard to say a word against you. I would have cut off my right hand sooner than write about you or yours. But what I had to say about others lies there, and I am not ashamed of it.'

'Not against me? Read it out, Smith, and see if every word of it don't hit at me, and at my daughters too, by ——, worst of all! Read it out, I say!'

Lancelot hesitated; but the squire, who was utterly beside himself, began to swear at him also, as masters of hounds are privileged to do; and Lancelot, to whom the whole scene was becoming every moment more and more intensely ludicrous, thought it best to take up the paper and begin.

A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter.

The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still.

Leaping late and early,
 Till under their bite and their tread
 The swedes, and the wheat, and the barley,
 Lay cankered, and trampled, and dead.

A poacher's widow sat sighing
 On the side of the white chalk bank,
 Where under the gloomy fir-woods
 One spot in the ley throve rank.

She watched a long tuft of clover,
 Where rabbit or hare never ran;
 For its black sour haulm covered over
 The blood of a murdered man.

She thought of the dark plantation,
 And the hares, and her husband's blood,
 And the voice of her indignation
 Rose up to the throne of God.

'I am long past wailing and whining—
 I have wept too much in my life:
 I've had twenty years of pining
 As an English labourer's wife.

A labourer in Christian England,
 Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
 And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's
 For a few more brace of game.

There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire;
 There's blood on your pointers' feet;
 There's blood on the game you sell, squire,
 And there's blood on the game you eat!

'You villain!' interposed the squire, 'when did I ever sell a head of game?'

'You have sold the labouring man, squire,
 Body and soul to shame,
 To pay for your seat in the house, squire,
 And to pay for the feed of your game.

You made him a poacher yourself, squire,
 When you'd give neither work nor meat;
 And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden
 At our starving children's feet;

When packed in one reeking chamber,
 Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;
 While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,
 And the walls let in the day!

When we lay in the burning fever
 On the mud of the cold clay floor,
 Till you parted us all for three months, squire,
 At the cursed workhouse door.

We quarrelled like brutes—and who wonders?
 What self-respect could we keep?
 Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
 Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep.

* * * * *

She looked at the tuft of clover,
 And wept till her heart grew light;
 And at last, when her passion was over,
 Went wandering into the night.

But the merry brown hares came leaping
 Over the uplands still,
 Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
 On the side of the white chalk hill.

‘Surely, sir,’ said Lancelot, ‘you cannot suppose that this latter part applies to you or your family?’

‘If it don’t, it applies to half the gentlemen in the vale, and that’s just as bad. What right has the fellow to speak evil of dignities?’ continued he, quoting the only text in the Bible which he was inclined to make a ‘rule absolute.’ ‘What does such an insolent dog deserve? What don’t he deserve, I say?’

‘I think,’ quoth Lancelot, ambiguously, ‘that a man who can write such ballads is not fit to be your game-keeper, and I think he feels so himself,’ and Lancelot stole an encouraging look at Tregarva.

‘And I say, sir,’ the keeper answered, with an effort, ‘that I leave Mr. Lavington’s service here on the spot, once and for all.’

‘And that you do, my fine fellow!’ roared the squire. ‘Pay the rascal his wages, steward, and then duck him soundly in the weir-pool. He had better have stayed there when he fell in last.’

‘So I had, indeed, I think. But I’ll take none of your money. The day Harry Verney was buried, I vowed that I’d touch no more of the wages of blood. I’m going, sir; I never harmed you, or meant a hard word of all this for you, or dreamt that you or any living soul would ever see it. But what I’ve seen myself, in spite of myself I’ve set down here, and am not ashamed of it. And woe,’ he went on, with an almost prophetic solemnity in his tone and gesture,—‘woe to those who do these things! and woe to those also who, though they dare not do them themselves, yet excuse and defend those who dare, just because the world calls them gentlemen, and not tyrants and oppressors!’

He turned to go. The squire, bursting with passion, sprung up with a terrible oath, turned deadly pale, staggered, and dropped senseless on the floor. They all rushed to lift him up. Tregarva was the first to take him in his arms and place him tenderly in his chair, where he lay back with glassy eyes, snoring heavily in a fit of apoplexy.”

We should add, that the author’s pictures of Catholicism are equally unfair with his pictures of Puseyism. Both are, in fact, deplorable illustrations of the condition of his own mind.

IRELAND'S DUTY TO ENGLAND.

Gilbert's Pamphlets on the Catholic Question. London, Gilbert.

SOME of our readers may perhaps expect from us a notice of the Exhibition now displayed in what is affectingly called the "Crystal Palace" in Hyde Park. We confess that in the present attitude of the English Government to the Catholic Church we cannot force ourselves to entertain any warm feeling of respect or admiration for this or any other manifestation of English pomp and power. We can but view this fragile creation of national self-glorification as the fitting complement to the measures of hostility to the will and sway of Almighty God, which have been introduced into the House of Commons, in order to satisfy the majesty of England, from the Sovereign on the throne down to the lowest ten-pound householder who has a voice in the making of the laws. It is fitting that the world should have a festival of its own, to celebrate its imaginary victory over the Church, by the triumphant majority with which its children have determined to persecute the prelates of Jesus Christ for obeying their Master and his Vicar on earth. Let it celebrate its feast, then, with all the splendour it can muster, amidst the shouting of assembled myriads, with its trumpets, and flags, and cannons, and its "God save the Queen, and confound the Church!" Let it please itself during its day, and imagine that its greatness is to last for ever; that the prosperity of England is self-dependent, and will outlast the shocks of time; and that the nation can once more enter upon its old course of persecution of the Church, without drawing down the vengeance of Him, before whose breath the universe is as fragile as this temple of glass, where the world has gathered together to worship the works of its own hands.

Other subjects occupy *our* thoughts. While the "Royal Commissioners" have been busy in listening for the tidings of contributions of foreign countries, sent to swell the tribute to English luxury, our ears are ever waiting for other sounds from that people which England has conquered but never subdued, which is a thorn in England's side still, and which hereafter may pierce her even to the heart. Humbled, timid, apologising, and ultra-loyal as we English Catholics too often are and too long have been, we rejoice, in our hour of necessity, to remember that Catholicism *in Ireland* is still a power before which an imperial government can be made to tremble. This

is our greatest satisfaction, because in the dread of Irish troubles is our only hope of safety from the English legislature. It will yield nothing to the Church except through *fear*. It cannot, by the very law of its being, be our friend, or grant us any boon from any motives but those of self-interest, because the English Parliament is identical with that "world" which is the enemy of Almighty God and his Church. At one time it will coquet with us, at another it will tempt us, at another it will strike us; but its animating principle never changes; its sole object is to *use* the Church for its own worldly ends, as the devil would have had our Blessed Lord display his divine power by casting himself down from a pinnacle of the temple.

Every conciliatory device, therefore, which is adopted in deprecation of the new penal laws, whether those of Lord John Russell, Mr. Lacy, or any other persecutor, we believe to be worse than useless. It does but tempt our enemies to strike faster and sharper. It betrays our fears. It makes men imagine us weaker than we are; it quickens the malice of our cowardly enemies, as the malice of every bully (and every bully is a coward) is quickened when he sees his victim trembling before his uplifted arm.

Hence it is that we have not been surprised to see the utter absence of effect produced by the various apologies for the hierarchy which have been set before the eyes of the Protestant public. Of what avail has it been to demonstrate that it was not illegal, that it was almost invited by Lord John Russell's ministry, that it involves no diminution in our allegiance to the Queen, that English Catholics have ever been the most "loyal" of subjects? What, we repeat, have we gained by all this pleading before the world? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The English public—(that is, the public of ten-pound householders)—have quietly puffed aside every argument and every fact; they treat us as knaves, liars, fools, and profligates, with precisely the same ignorant arrogance as before; and the House of Commons decrees the second reading of the penal bill by a majority more enormous than the most sanguine of Protestants had dared to hope for. What may be the exact state of Lord John Russell's bill at the moment these lines meet our readers' eyes, it matters not: it *may* be thrust aside by some event in the chapter of accidents; but it will be solely by an accident, and not by any conviction of its absurdity and wickedness wrought in the mind of our legislature and their constituents. We have one hope, and only one, that if the bill is passed, it may be made impossible of enforcement, through the tempest it will have aroused in the Irish nation. Here is our only chance. Many a time already has the echo

of an Irish tempest been heard in the chambers of Downing Street and St. James's Palace, and made even English peers and members of parliament pale. And never yet did Ireland or the Catholic Church gain any thing from the governing Protestantism of this empire, except by working on its fears. It was through fear of Irish rebellion that the penal laws were first relaxed in the end of the last century. It was through fear lest the Irish clergy should become thoroughly French in their nationality that Mr. Pitt founded Maynooth. It was through fear of a fresh rebellion in Ireland, that the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel granted Catholic Emancipation. And even in the course of this new bill itself, we have seen what fear will wring from a ministry, in the renouncement of the second and third clauses as soon as the Archbishop of Dublin declared himself against the government. And so it will be in the issue of the bill, if such a blast from Ireland rings in the ears of Englishmen as shall make them pause and tremble for themselves. For your true Englishman is a calculating creature even in his persecutions. He will not *pay* for his Protestantism. He loves his Establishment because it costs him nothing. If its tithes and parsonage-houses were gone to-morrow, the fifteen thousand clergy of Anglicanism would wear a very different aspect in his eyes. Nor would he pay largely for putting down Irish Catholicism. If a bill of pains and penalties will do it, by all means let it be done; but if it is to come to a vast reinforcement of troops in order to keep down the Irish people, and that not once in a way, but year after year, with an enlarged income-tax to meet the expenses, we may rest assured that on sound "business principles" the English Parliament will consent to endure a Catholic hierarchy, and Cardinal Wiseman may continue unmolested to reside in the great metropolis of Protestantism.

At this moment there can be no question that the Archbishop of Tuam is the chief hindrance which exists to the carrying out the penal law to its worst severities. With respect to certain points in his grace's public acts there may be differences of opinion among Catholics, both in England and Ireland; but among Protestants we may rest assured that there is but one feeling in regard to the name of John MacHale. They hate it, but *they dread it*. They may profess to laugh at the "manifestoes from St. Jarlath's;" they may pretend to an excessive love for the virtues of amenity and forbearance in Christian prelates; they may affect to treat the Archbishop as a political firebrand, who cares more for attacking the acts of Englishmen than for saving the souls of Irishmen; they may ridicule the synod of Thurles, where they imagine his

grace to have played the part of a spiritual dictator;—but the great fact remains, that the sight of those oft-repeated words, “John Archbishop of Tuam,” is one of the most odious spectacles on which the eyes of Lord John Russell and his supporters can be fixed, and that they are alarmed lest the city of Tuam should prove to them and their armies what Moscow proved to another proud conqueror after he had set his face against the Church of Almighty God. The Archbishop at this moment stands before the English people as the champion of the independence of the Church; and the very hostility with which he is regarded is the best proof of the wisdom of that policy which aims at making the world tremble.

Rest assured then, O English Catholics, that it is not Queen Victoria who will save you from the jaws of the lion, and be the shield of your Bishops and your nuns, and of your poor temporal possessions; it is Dr. MacHale, and such as he, who are, under God, your only hope. You may petition the Queen as you please, and call upon her Majesty to remember her words about “civil and religious liberty” in her last speech to Parliament, forgetting that at the very moment she was professing to value your liberties, she was recommending this identical persecuting law to the favour of the Lords and Commons. Deceive not yourselves with any hopes from the secular throne of England. If the Lords and Commons are pleased to exile your Bishops, and violate the sanctity of your convents, and rob you of your trust-funds, the Queen of England will no more refuse *her* consent to the wicked laws, than she will reject a bill for a new railway or for the chartering a banking company. Cease, then, to give “three cheers for the Queen” at your public meetings,* and to toast her Majesty *before* his Holiness the Pope at your dinners; obey the lawful authorities of the realm, for it is a part of the Catholic religion that we should do so; but spare your apologies for the Pope and the Cardinal; learn at length that you have one of two alternatives *only* before you—either to be despised or hated—to be despised and tolerated, or to be hated and to conquer. If you are content to give up the field to heresy and sin, give it up, and take the contemptuous smile of friendly Protestantism as your reward; if you would do your Master’s work, and save your fellow-countrymen’s souls, be content to be abhorred with active indignation, and to be reviled of all men; for then is the path of victory open to you, and the world which persecutes you will yield its tens of thousands of captives at your feet. But have you not had enough of scorn? Has your past

* At the late aggregate meeting in Dublin three cheers were given for *Old Ireland*, and none for the Queen.

condition been so sweet that you must still continue to recommend your religion to "enlightened and liberal" Protestants, by insinuating that you yield to the Pope just that amount of allegiance which you *must* yield under pain of ceasing to be Catholics any more, while your hearts absolutely overflow with their superabundance of "loyalty" to that temporal power which murdered your fathers and mothers, plundered your churches, burnt your monasteries, exiled and tortured your priests, and then tolerated the remnant among you as an outcast, humbled, cringing race, whose Catholicism was wholesomely modified by its nationalism, and who might be *safely* endured by the side of a Protestant Establishment, because it had ceased to be formidable? What did we ever gain by adopting the cant of the age, and *professing*—(for we never felt them, any more than our Protestant enemies)—the principles of "civil and religious liberty?" Which has proved our truest friend, the English Government or the Irish Catholics? the decent, civil, bribing, manœuvring Government of Whigs and "liberal" Tories, or the priesthood and people of Ireland, whose "excesses" have shocked you, whose political tendencies you have lamented, whose unmanageableness has thwarted your best endeavours for persuading Protestants that Catholicism is a mild, gentlemanly, tolerant, and Anglican sort of a creed after all? Who, we repeat, is your friend *now*, when the world is lifting up its arm to strike you,—the Archbishop of Tuam, or the Whig patrons of Catholicity in England?

And on our fellow-Catholics in Ireland, if we may venture to speak from a heart, which though English *by nature*, is Catholic *by grace*, we scruple not to call, as possessing a power to save the Church in this empire from a persecution, which, when once it is begun, may end in results which it is appalling to contemplate. Now the English blood is comparatively cool. Yes, fierce and cruel as are the words and actions of the legislature and people at this time, they are meek and merciful in comparison to what they once were, and in comparison to what they may be again. Let the tamed tiger but taste of blood, and all the hidden ferocity of his natural passion bursts forth and cries for fresh victims daily. Remember that the English and the Irish Protestants of this day, though they have been fed for the last generation or so on the milky food of a species of half-toleration, are the children of those who disembowelled priests, and pressed women to death, and shot down Irishmen and Irishwomen by thousands and tens of thousands. Is human nature changed? Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leper his spots? Is Satan become a devout worshipper of Almighty God? Is the world the friend

of Jesus Christ? Is the flesh his servant, or a rebel against his laws? What is all the chatter in Parliament and out of it about the rights of conscience, and the glorious nineteenth century, and the barbarous ignorance of the old times, and the beauty of toleration—what is it all but a flimsy scaffolding which the various religious sects of the day have set up, on which to dance and play for a few hours, while their separate interests happen to coalesce or to be pretty equal in power, but which will be shattered like a child's house of cards the moment these interests clash once more, or the power of one party gains an advance upon the weakness of others? Trust it not; no, not for an instant. Trust nothing but Almighty God and your own selves. Make yourselves feared. Shew that while you keep within the letter of just laws, and yield that obedience which is due to the state, you will evade and defy every law which is in violation of the indefeasible rights of the Church. Again and again, perseveringly, craftily, boldly, daringly, compel the persecutor to pause ere he has tasted your blood or ours. Avoid sedition and treason; even were they lawful by the doctrines of the Church, they would be most inexpedient, as tending to divide ourselves and to put weapons in the hands of our foes; but short of sedition and treason, thwart and defy the English Government in every possible way that can be in your power. There is a time for thwarting and defying the world, as well as a time for disarming it by meekness and long-suffering. It is lawful to thwart and defy, as well as to bow the head and to conciliate. This is not the time for bowing the head and conciliation. Our gentle obeisance will be taken as the salaam of an Oriental slave, who submits to the royal decree which has just condemned him to the bow-string. England will strike us, it will strike us all, in England and Ireland alike, *if it dare*. We in England cannot make ourselves feared. In Ireland you have the game in your own hands. The honour, the merit, and the reward of victory will be yours, and not ours; but with you also is the chief responsibility. Seize, then, the golden moment. If ever moral force in its most cogent power could be exerted in a sacred cause, it is now; now that the most helpless among us are threatened; now that it is not the laity, not the rich, not peers and members of Parliament whom the cowardly bully is preparing to strike, but Bishops and women, the priests of Jesus Christ and his consecrated spouses. What heroism will it be in us, to sit still and see *them* suffer! There is heroism in suffering in our own persons, but not in quietly looking on while those who are dear to us are suffering.

Nor let any be disheartened by the idea that the power of England is so vast that resistance to her is useless, and that the wisest course for the persecuted Catholics is to submit in silence to the indignities she heaps upon them. The power of England *seems* greater than it is. Accident has bestowed on her a measure of present prosperity, which has blown up her pride to a more vaunting inflation than at almost any previous period in her history; yet the foundation of England's prosperity is honeycombed with mines of frightfully explosive strength. Her colonies are attached to her by a mere thread; the millions of her poorer population regard her Legislature and Government with deep, though sullen, indignation; the elements of fierce contentions between her old political parties lie smouldering, ready to flame out with all their ancient fires; the feud between the agricultural and manufacturing interests has lost little or none of its bitterness; the very prosperity of the empire, being essentially commercial, is ever in danger from the shocks to which all commercial enterprise is inherently liable; the continental agitations may at any moment involve us in all the disasters of a European and American war; and it is impossible but that from these many sources of English weakness she should not be compelled again to treat her Catholic subjects with at least the same poor amount of respect which she granted them before this recent outbreak began. Every day, too, increases the number of those Englishmen and Englishwomen who would rather see the sun of England's glory set for ever than a single finger laid upon the independence of the Church of God.

And who can say what tribulations may not be in store for this haughty empire, designed in the good providence of God to humble the Anglo-Saxon race, and bring it in sackcloth and ashes before the altars of Jesus Christ? Who does not see rather that it is *probable* that national humiliation may be the appointed means by which Almighty God will answer the prayers for the conversion of England, now, we believe, more general and more fervent than ever? What so likely to tear the veil from the eyes of this self-satisfied race, and compel them to believe in God and his word, as the shattering of the fabric of luxury in which they are now dwelling, rejoicing in their idolatries, and finding their choicest sport in hunting down Catholic Bishops and Catholic nuns? That Anglo-Saxon Protestantism is utterly unconscious of any such destiny only renders it the more probable that such may be its fate. It is when nations, as well as individuals, are at the zenith of their prosperity, and not a cloud seems to darken their horizon, that the storms of Almighty wrath burst upon

them with most startling rapidity; and on the spot where at sunrise were seen towering cities, and teeming vineyards, and blooming gardens, the sun goes down upon a smoking and watery waste of ruins, the work of a few short hours of earthquake, and hurricane, and volcanic fires. Then, proud England, will be the day of thy conversion; for it will be the day of thy humiliation; and thou wilt seek His mercies whom now thou knowest only to scorn and to blaspheme!

Meanwhile our present hopes of deliverance from our enemies, under Him who is the God of nations, rest upon the steadfast resistance of Irish Catholicism. Ever since Ireland was conquered it has been the "greatest difficulty," and confessed as such, of English rulers. May it be their greatest difficulty still! May the haughtiness of Protestantism be confronted by such an array of hostility as shall make it impossible to govern Ireland until every vestige of the penal laws is swept away!

SHORT NOTICES.

MR. WARD has put forth a short and conclusive reply to the criticisms of the *Guardian* newspaper on his pamphlet on the *English Church Establishment*. Professing to scorn Mr. Ward, the *Guardian* nevertheless has thought it necessary to dedicate not less than six long reviews to his remarks, in the course of its observations developing one or two phases in the progress of "Anglo-Catholicism" not a little startling to those who are unacquainted with the intrinsic hollowness of all heretical professions of "Catholic doctrine." The fact is so curious, that we may possibly return to the subject; and in the mean time recommend our readers to turn to Mr. Ward's demolition of his reviewer.

The *Report of the Acting Council and the Proceedings of St. Margaret's Association* (Edinburgh, Marsh and Beattie) is a hopeful sign of the progress in active organisation going on among the Catholics of Scotland. The Association directs its labours towards the general redress of the grievances suffered by Catholics on account of their religion, to the improvement of poor-schools, and to the promotion of emigration and of life insurance among the poor. It is yet scarcely out of its infancy, but seems already to be doing a great deal of good, collateral as well as direct.

Mr. Maclaurin's *Fasti Christiani, or Rhymes on the Kalendar* (Dolman), is an interesting example of the closeness with which a

Protestant may occasionally approximate to Catholic doctrine and feeling when on his way to the Catholic Church. Mr. Maclaurin was formerly a member of the Protestant Episcopalian body in Scotland, and in it held the office of Dean of Moray and Ross. Now happily a Catholic, he has published the present work, which consists of a series of stanzas, or short poems, on the festivals of the Catholic Church throughout the year. He says that "there are some things in it which would have been slightly different if they had been written after his reception," though he is not aware that it contains any thing at all inconsistent with Catholic faith or morals: if mistaken, he humbly submits to correction. The work is, in fact, a kind of versified "Lives of the Saints" in brief, and shews the ardour and good feeling with which its author studied the glories of Catholic heroic virtue while yet a stranger to the privileges he now enjoys.

The *Lamp* (Richardson) continues to prosecute its course, and labours in good earnest to fill the void long felt in English Catholic literature. Its chief promoter, Mr. Bradley, is one of the most zealous of workmen on behalf of the Christian cultivation of the poor, and the success his journal has attained is the well-merited reward of his efforts (by no means as yet relaxed) in support of a cause whose importance can scarcely be overrated.

The Editor of the *Rambler* is desirous of correcting an impression which appears to prevail in one or two quarters, to the effect that this journal is in some peculiar way the organ, or under the influence, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in England. The impression is totally without foundation; being so far from true, that from the commencement of the *Rambler* till the present time, not more than six or seven articles or reviews, and those almost wholly on historical subjects, have appeared in its pages from the whole number of the Fathers of the Oratory. It has, indeed, been often a cause of regret to the Editor, as, no doubt, to the readers of the *Rambler*, that the incessant labours of the Fathers of the Oratory should have left them so little leisure for literary occupation. A similar contradiction must also be given to ideas entertained in other quarters; in one case attributing the management of this journal to his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, and in another regarding it as the organ of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. In reference to all such reports the Editor is anxious to state that he alone is responsible both for the opinions from time to time advocated in the *Rambler*, and for the expediency of putting them forward. The merits of the journal, and the merits alone, he is desirous of sharing with his coadjutors.

Ecclesiastical Register.

LEGAL OPINION ON THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL.

OPINION.

UPON the questions proposed to us with reference to the preamble of the bill, we are clearly of opinion—

1st. That no reasonable doubt can be entertained that the enactment recited in the preamble (the statute 10th George IV., chap. 7, sec. 24) does not extend to the assumption of the title of archbishop or bishop of a pretended province or diocese, or archbishop or bishop of a city, place, or territory in England or Ireland, not being the see, province, or diocese of any archbishop or bishop recognised by law. We think it clear that the enactment in question has no such effect.

2dly. That the assumption of ecclesiastical titles in respect of such sees, provinces, or dioceses, is not inconsistent with any rights intended to be protected by the said enactment of the statute 10 Geo. IV., c. 7, s. 24, and that the recital of any such inconsistency is wholly untrue.

Upon the questions submitted to us with reference to the proposed enactments of the bill—

1. We are of opinion that the bill in its original state, and containing the second and third clauses as well as the first and fourth, would render it illegal for any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, though such functions were merely episcopal and spiritual, and had no reference whatever to any temporal rights or authority. We apprehend that the episcopal and spiritual functions of any archbishop or bishop can only be regularly and lawfully exercised within the limits of some province or diocese canonically assigned to him as the archbishop or bishop thereof, or within some other province or diocese by the permission of the archbishop or bishop of such other province or diocese; and that as he could only exercise such episcopal and spiritual functions within the limits of his own province or see as the archbishop or bishop thereof by that name and title, and under the authority of that office, it follows that this bill would render it unlawful for him to perform regularly the proper duties of his office, although merely episcopal or spiritual, such for instance as those of ordination, of visitation, and the maintenance of discipline amongst his clergy.

2. We are of opinion that the bill in its original state, and containing the second and third clauses, would render it illegal for any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop to accept any emolument or endowment, or to exercise any trust or power, as archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom, in relation to any property, whether charitable or otherwise, and whether intended for the benefit of such archbishop or bishop of such province or see, or of the persons subject to his spiritual authority therein, and whether the property given for any such purposes has been already given or be hereafter given for such purposes, if the acceptance of such emolument or endowment, or the exercise of any such trust or power, could only be in virtue of, or by relation to, the official character and capacity of such archbishop or bishop.

3. We are of opinion that if the second and third clauses of the bill were expunged, the first clause would of itself render it illegal for any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, though such functions were merely spiritual, and had no reference whatever to any temporal

rights or authority. If "the assumption or use of the name, style, or title of archbishop or bishop of any city, town, or place, or of any territory or district in the United Kingdom," be rendered highly penal, as it would be by the first section, it follows that every act which such archbishop or bishop could only perform regularly as archbishop or bishop of some province or see, and in that capacity, must be deemed to be thereby prohibited.

4. We are of opinion that if the second and third clauses of the bill were expunged, the first clause would of itself render it illegal for any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop to accept any emolument or endowment, or to exercise any trust or power as archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom in relation to any property, whether charitable or otherwise, and whether intended for the benefit of such archbishop or bishop, or of such province or see, or of the persons subject to his spiritual authority therein, if such acceptance or exercise involved his assumption or use of the name, style, or title of archbishop or bishop of a particular province or see in the United Kingdom, and such emolument or endowment and such trust or power belonged to him solely in such his capacity of archbishop or bishop.

5. We are of opinion that if the second and third clauses of the bill were expunged, any deed or writing made, signed, or executed by any Roman Catholic archbishop or bishop, as archbishop or bishop of any province or see in the United Kingdom, would be illegal and void, so far at least as the rights or interests of other parties might be affected thereby, although it might possibly be binding upon such archbishop or bishop personally, while it might also expose him to the penalties enacted by the first section of the bill.

Temple, May 10th, 1851.

FITZROY KELLY.
P. B. BRODIE.
EDWARD BADDELEY.

ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY COMMITTEE TO THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

THE address commences with an acknowledgment of the generosity with which the appeal had been responded to on Sunday, April 16th; and after speaking of the establishment of a Catholic University as of vital importance for the defence and preservation of our holy faith against the numberless and powerful adversaries by which it is assailed, proceeds thus:—

Against it are arrayed the most munificently endowed educational establishments in the world, from the gorgeous university to the humble grammar-school, all directly antagonistic in their principles; a literature the most comprehensive and various, adapted to every taste and capacity, yet from the most serious essay to the lightest ebullition of fancy, from the sentimental to the comic, all thoroughly imbued with the anti-Catholic leaven; a political press unrivalled in its circulation and influence, but, with a few exceptions, devoted to the cause of bigotry and intolerance; and not only by far the greatest proportion of the mature and cultivated intellect of the sister country, but an overbearing tide of popular prejudice, the force and fury of which we never would have been able to estimate were it not for the moral storm by which it was lately roused into action. * * *

A glance at the Parliamentary debates on the penal bill which now occupies the attention of the legislature would be sufficient to shew the necessity of an institution such as we here contemplate. To behold

an assembly that represents the intellect, rank, and property of the three kingdoms rivalling the lowest arena of polemical controversy in its fanaticism and acrimony; echoing the ravings of Exeter Hall as the maxims of political sagacity; citing as historical facts what all the great critics of modern times have long since exploded as false and untenable; libelling the noblest characters that ever adorned the page of history, though already vindicated by the most distinguished Protestant scholars of the age; heaping up the pyramid of calumny in the face of all that can give weight to human testimony, our solemn oaths and declarations—to behold such a spectacle, in such an age, must arouse the coldest and most apathetic to a sense of the obligations we are under of providing, in defence of our holy religion, every intellectual bulwark which an enlightened zeal can suggest. Against such a host of opponents, is it not absolutely necessary that we should have a Catholic institution, where the cause of truth may be upheld and defended by all the resources of learning—where a literature may be created free from the alloy of sectarian prejudice or calumny—and where the Catholic youth of the country, who may be hereafter destined to represent her interests or maintain her rights, may receive that higher species of religious instruction, that not merely elementary and catechetical, but scientific, literary, and historical knowledge of religion, which would enable them hereafter, when the occasion might call for it, to vindicate the truth of its dogmas, and the purity of its doctrine?

But such an institution is not only necessary as a measure of self-defence; it is imperatively required to give completeness and perfection to the system of Catholic education. * * * As soon as our Catholic youth have completed their elementary education in science and literature—when the powers of reflection have been first developed, and the mind, naturally eager to try its strength, prepares to grapple with the most momentous questions that ever tested its capacity or stirred its feelings—when its natural love of independence has been strengthened by the consciousness of its newly-awakened power—when the imagination is warm and the passions are strong, and the youthful aspirant, not content with an isolated chapter in the book of knowledge, seeks to unroll and master all its glowing pages—at such a period of life he is to be sent, not to an institution where the Church which hallowed and directed his early studies will continue to be the honoured guide of his future inquiries; not where the pure and sacred associations that linked the principles of science with the truths of revelation may be strengthened and confirmed; not where the feelings that glowed and trembled before the altar of religion may be taught to respond in the same spirit of adoration to every harmony of nature and of art—to recognise the Deity in all his works throughout the vast temple of creation, as well as in those surpassing revelations of the sanctuary—those still more sublime and touching emanations of the infinitely good and beautiful that filled his soul with awe and tenderness; but to an institution where the first lesson to be learned at its threshold is to trample on the authority of that Church which had hitherto been the object of his fondest and deepest veneration; to substitute a cold and prayerless rationalism for the reverent spirit of inquiry by which he was previously actuated; to look upon the sacred associations of the past as fetters on the freedom of the intellect; and to substitute the fiery emanations of his own pride and passion for the guidance of that heavenly monitor who had descended to him from the Father of Lights, and who sought to conduct him to the goal of his eternal destiny—the living fountain of all knowledge. It is the action of such institutions on the higher classes on the Continent which communicated

to them the irreligion and infidelity that, by a necessary consequence, penetrated to the subordinate grades of society, until the masses of the population became tainted by the moral corruption. And unless we are prepared to witness the same direful effect, commencing with the wholesale immolation of our youth, we must strain every energy, and make every sacrifice, for the establishment of the only institution capable of neutralising their influence—a Catholic University. But, thanks be to God, there is no one possessing the name of Catholic who can question the expediency and advantages of such a measure. You, beloved countrymen, have nobly and practically refuted by your generous contributions, what your magnificent institutions in behalf of charity and religion ought to have disproved by anticipation, the only plausible objection against it, what some deemed the insurmountable difficulty of its execution; though to refuse co-operation in the good work on such a ground was evidently to adopt a foregone conclusion, to prejudge the question at issue, to obstruct its progress, by damping the zeal and the energies necessary for its accomplishment, and thus to realise as much as possible the impracticability it predicted. The munificent tribute you have just rendered, under such extraordinary disadvantages, demonstrates to the world the truth of the statement made by the assembled Bishops of Ireland in the Synodical Address, that we possess in our own body ample resources for the realisation of this great and glorious undertaking.

It is not necessary for us to exhort the faithful in those districts where, owing to local circumstances, the collection has been unavoidably postponed, to come forward with their characteristic zeal and generosity on the days appointed for their contributions—to emulate the bright example of their fellow-Catholics and countrymen who have preceded them in the good work, and to demonstrate to Christian Europe that the country which in former days contributed most to its civilisation, which not only then opened the doors of her own educational establishments to the youth who flocked to her from other countries, but, with the creative spirit and redeeming hand of Christian charity, raised up throughout the Continent those monuments of learning and civilisation whose eloquent ruins still record the name of their benefactress—that this country has lost nothing of the enlightened zeal and self-devoting energy by which she was distinguished in former days, but that, unbroken by her past sufferings and undaunted by her present difficulties and afflictions, she is ready once more to vindicate for herself the high position she once held in the literary world, and to which her own instinct and capabilities, the peculiarity of her social position, and the directing hand of Providence, appear to destine her.

Signed on behalf of the Catholic University Committee,

✠ PAUL CULLEN, *Archbishop, &c.*
Catholic University Chairman.

Committee Rooms, Lower Ormond Quay,
Dublin, March 28th, 1851.

OF YOUR CHARITY,

Pray for the soul of the REV. FATHER MAZIO, S. J., who departed this life at Rome, on the 30th April.

END OF VOLUME VII.

Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

